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ON MISCELLANIES.

THE miscellanists satirise the pedants, and the pedants abuse the miscellanists; but little has hitherto been gained by this inglorious contest; since pedants will always be read by pedants, and the miscellanists by the tasteful, the volatile, and the amiable.

Literary essays are classed with philological studies; but philology formerly consisted rather of the labours of arid grammarians, and conjectural critics, than of that more elegant philosophy which has been lately introduced into literature, and which by its graces and investigation, can augment the beauties of original genius, by beauties of its own. This delightful science has been termed in Germany the ÆSTHETIC, from a Greek term, signifying *feeling*. It is something more than the perfect theoretical knowledge of polite literature and the fine arts, for while it embraces not only their common principles, and the particular precepts of every kind of literature, and of every art, it decides on the beautiful by taste, and not by *logic;* by the acuteness of the senses it instantly feels what pleases or displeases. Longinus and Addison were æsthetic critics. Aristotle and Bossu depend on accuracy of judgment, and logical definitions, and *know*, though they may not *feel* what ought to please. Imagination, sensibility, and congeniality of mind are required in an æsthetic critic, who however has often been despised by the critics of the adverse school. Warburton has called Addison an empty superficial writer; nor let it be forgotten how the *logical* critic has been little sensible to the character of genius: and that without sympathy, taste, and imagination, it is possible to form very elaborate criticisms. But one must *feel*, to *decide* in the school of Longinus and Addison.

Philological pursuits inflate the mind with vanity, and carry some men of learning to a curious and ridiculous extravagance. Philologists are apt to form too exalted an opinion of their studies, while they often make their peculiar taste a stand-

ard by which they judge of others. It is not thus with the scientific and the moral writer; science is modest and cautious, morality is humble and scrupulous, while philology alone is arrogant and positive. *An experiment* in science is formed with infinite labour, and may be overturned by a new discovery; and an *action* in morality may be so mingled with human passions, that we hesitate to pronounce it perfect, and analyse it with tranquillity. But it is not difficult with some to persuade themselves that Virgil is an immaculate author, and that they are men of exquisite taste. Pedants of the last age exercised a vanity and ferocity revived by those critics, who have been called Warburtonians. They employed similar language to their decisions to that of Du Moulin, a great lawyer of those days, who always prefixed to his consultations this defiance, "I who yield to no person, and whom no person can teach any thing."

By one of these was Montaigne, the venerable father of modern miscellanies, called "a bold, ignorant fellow." To thinking readers, this critical summary will appear mysterious; for Montaigne had imbibed the spirit of all the moral writers of antiquity; and though he has complained of a defective memory, we cannot but wish the complaint had been more real; for we discover in his works nearly as much compilement as reflection, and he is one of those authors who should quote rarely, but who deserves to be often quoted. Montaigne was censured by Scaliger, as Addison was censured by Warburton; because both, like Socrates, smiled at that mere erudition, which consists of knowing the thoughts of others without any thoughts of our own. To weigh syllables, and arrange dates, to adjust texts, and heap annotations on each other, has generally proved the absence of the higher faculties. When a more advantageous spirit of this herd attempted some new discovery, men of taste beheld, with indignation, the perversions of their understanding; and a Bentley in his Milton, or a Warburton on a Virgil, had either a singular imbecility concealed under the arrogance of the scholar, or they did not believe what they told the public; the one in his extraordinary invention of an interpolating editor, the other in his more extraordinary explanation of the Eleusinian mysteries. But what was still worse, the froth of the head, when it reached the heart, became venomous.

Montaigne has also been censured for vanity, in making himself the idol of his lucubrations. If he had not done this, he had not performed the promise he makes in his preface. An engaging tenderness prevails in these *naive* expressions. "Je l'ay voué à la commodité particuliere de mes Parens et Amis; à ce que m'ayant perdu (ce qu'ils ont à faire bientot) ils y puissent retrouver quelques traicts de mes humeurs, et que par ce moyen ils nourrissent plus entiere et plus vife la connoissance qu'ils ont eu de moi."

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favourites. He who writes *from* the heart, will write *to* the heart; every one is enabled to decide on his merits, and they will not be referred to learned heads, or a distant day. We are, I think, little interested if an author displays sublimity; but we should be much concerned to know whether he has sincerity.

With a simple writer I trust to every sentiment, I assimilate his sensations with my own, and I look into his works as into my own heart. Why, says Boileau, are my verses read by all? It is only because they speak truth, and that I myself am convinced of the truth they contain.

Why have some of our fine writers pleased more than others, who have not displayed inferior talents? Because they have raised no artificial emotions, but poured forth the vigorous expressions of a heart, which seemed relieved from an op-

pression of sensibility, as its ardent sentiments animated every period. Montaigne therefore preferred those of the ancients, who appear to write under a conviction of what they said; the eloquent Cicero declaims but coldly on liberty, while in the impetuous Brutus may be perceived a man, who is resolved to purchase it with his life. We know little of Plutarch; yet a spirit of honesty and persuasion in his works expresses a philosophical character, capable of imitating as well as admiring the virtues he records. Why is Addison still the first of our essayists? He has sometimes been excelled in criticism more philosophical, in topics more interesting, and in diction more coloured. But there is a personal charm in the character he has assumed, in his periodical miscellanies, which is felt with such a gentle force, that we scarce advert to it. He has painted forth his little humours, his individual feelings, and eternized himself to his readers. Johnson and Hawkesworth we receive with respect, and we dismiss with awe; we come from their writings as from public lectures, and from Addison's as from private conversations.

Sterne perhaps derives a portion of his celebrity from the same influence; he interests us in his minutest motions, for he tells us all he feels. Richardson was sensible of the power with which these minute strokes of description enter the heart, and which are so many fastenings to which the imagination clings. He says, "If I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly; for the humours and characters of persons cannot be known, unless I repeat *what* they say, and their *manner* of saying."

I confess I am infinitely pleased when sir William Temple acquaints us with the size of his orange trees, and with the flavour of his peaches and grapes, confessed by Frenchmen to equal those of France; with his having had the honour to naturalize in his country four kinds of grapes, with his liberal distribution of them, because he ever thought all things of this kind the commoner they are the better; with his passionate attachment to his garden, of his desire to escape from great employments, and having past five years without going to town, where, by the way, "he had a large house always ready to receive him."

Dryden has interspersed many of these little particulars in his prosaic compositions, and I think, that his character and dispositions may be more correctly acquired by uniting these scattered notices, than by any biographical account which can now be given of him.

And why must we reject this pleasing egotism, that often relates to us all; this vanity, that has often so much simplicity; this self-flattery, that has often so much modesty? As refinement prevails, we seek to conceal ourselves from too familiar inspection; simplicity of manners passes away with simplicity of style. When we write with sparkling antithesis and solemn cadences, with elaborate elegancies and studied graces, an author is little desirous of painting himself in domestic negligence. Our writings resemble our fashions, various in their manner, but never simple, and our authors, like their fellow-citizens, are vying with each other in pomp and dignity. Hence the personal acquaintance of a modern author is always to his disadvantage; he has published himself a superior being; we approach and discover the imposture. The readers of Montaigne, had they met with him, would have felt differently; they would have found a friend complaining like themselves of his infirmities, and smiling with them at the folly of his complaints.

From this agreeable mode of composition, a species of miscellanies may be discriminated, which, above all others, becomes precious to a reader of taste. To the composition of these little works, which are often discovered in a fugitive state, their authors are prompted by the fine impulses of genius, derived from the

peculiarity of their situation, or the enthusiasm of their prevailing passion. Dictated by the heart, or polished with the fondness of delight, these productions are invested with the seductive eloquence of genius, or attach us by the sensibility of taste. The object thus selected is no task imposed on the mind of the writer for the mere ambition, but is generally a voluntary effusion, warm with all the sensations of a pathetic writer. In a word, they are the compositions of genius, on a subject in which it is most deeply interested, which it revolves on all its sides, which it paints in all its tints, and which it finishes with the same ardour it began.

Among such works may be placed the exiled Bolingbroke's Reflections upon Exile; the retired Petrarch and Zimmerman's Essays on Solitude; the imprisoned Boethius's Consolations of Philosophy; the oppressed Pierius Valerianus's Catalogue of Literary Calamities; the deformed Hay's Essay on Deformity; the projecting De Foe's Essays on Projects; the liberal Shenstone's poem on Economy; and Fielding's episodical essays, in his great romance.

We may respect the profound genius of voluminous writers; they are painters who occupy great room, and fill up "an acre of canvas;" but we must prefer those delicate pieces which the graces lay on the altar of Taste. A group of Cupids; a Venus emerging from the waves; a Psyche or an Aglaia, embellish the cabinet of the man of taste, who connects these little pieces by wreaths of roses. Pliny mentions an artist who took great delight in painting small pictures, but was ridiculed at Rome for the limited space he employed; it is not however clear whether the defect arose from the futility of his pencil, or the affected gravity of the Romans. A miscellanist should imitate two painters; the modern Albano, celebrated for painting the smallest and most beautiful figures; and the ancient Parrhasius, who was ever in such good humour with himself as to sing at his labours, which happy circumstance, it is supposed, imparted so much gaiety to his productions.

These little productions are not designed to be finished pieces; and in some respects resemble the modest idea that the ancient painters had of their own works. They marked them by imperfect inscriptions, and half designations; as thus, Appelles was *doing* this picture; Polycletus was *sculpturing* this image, as if they were but begun, and never could be finished by their hands. They rarely said fecit, but only faciebat.

But however exquisitely these little pieces may be formed, there is a race of students who fail not to contemn elegance as frivolous, and instructive knowledge as superficial erudition. The ponderous scholars have facetiously expressed their contempt by calling the agreeable writers "empty bottles." Usbek, the Persian of Montesquieu, is one of the profoundest philosophers; his letters are however but concise pages. Rochefoucault and La Bruyere are not superficial observers of human nature, although they have only written sentences. Of Tacitus it has been finely remarked, that "he abridged every thing because he saw every thing;" and I have ever admired the character of Timanthes, the painter, of whom it is recorded, that he expressed more than he painted by an instructive and comprehensive reserve.

Micellanies ought to be multifarious and concise. Montaigne approves of Plutarch and Seneca, because their loose papers were suited to his temper, and knowledge was acquired without tedious study. It is, says he, no great attempt to take one in hand, and I give over at pleasure, for they have no sequel or connection. La Fontaine agreeably applauds short compositions:

Les longs ouvrages me font peur;
Loin d'epuiser une matiere
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur;

and old Francis Osborne has a coarse and ludicrous image in favour of such opuscula : he says, " Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savory, and well concocted, than *smaller pieces*." To quote so light a genius as the enchanting La Fontaine, and so solid a mind as the sensible Osborne, is taking in all the climates of the human mind ; it is touching at the equator, and pushing on to the pole.

There are writers, as well as readers, who only consult books for their amusement; and they alike are sensible, that four things are written and read with greater pleasure than one, though that one should be shorter than the four. If literature is only with some a mere amusement, I think it will not diminish its importance in the affairs of human life ; and Dryden confesses, though he is pleased to add to his shame, that he never read any thing but for his pleasure.

Montaigne's works have been called by a cardinal " the Breviary of Idlers." It is therefore the book of man, for all men are idlers ; we have hours which we pass with lamentation, and which we know are always returning. At those moments miscellanists are conformable to all our humours. We dart along their airy and concise page, and their lively anecdote, or their profound observation, are so many interstitial pleasures in our listless hours.

We find, in these literary miniatures, qualities incompatible with a voluminous performance. Sometimes a bolder, and sometimes a firmer touch ; for they are allowed but a few strokes ; and should not always trace an elegant phrase, but engrave a forcible sentiment. They are allowed every kind of ornament, for how can the diminutive please, unless it charms by its finished decoration, its elaborate nicety, and its exquisite polish ? A concise work preserves a common subject from insipidity, and an uncommon one from error. An essayist expresses himself with a more real enthusiasm, than the writer of a volume ; for I have observed that the most fervid genius is apt to cool in a quarto. Race-horses appear only to display their agile rapidity in the course, while on the road they soon become sprightless and tame.

The ancients were great admirers of miscellanies ; and this with some profound students, who affect to contemn these light and beautiful compositions, might evince their bad taste. Aulus Gellius has preserved a copious list of titles of such works. These titles are so numerous, and include such gay and pleasing kinds, that we may infer from their number that they were greatly admired by the public, and from their titles the great delight their authors experienced in their composition. Among the titles are " a basket of flowers ;" " an embroidered mantle ;" and a " variegated meadow." Such a miscellanist as was the admirable Erasmus, deserves the praises which Plutarch, with elegant enthusiasm, bestows on Menander : he calls him the delight of philosophers fatigued with study ; they have recourse to his works as to a meadow enamelled with flowers, where the sense is delighted by a purer air ; and he very elegantly adds, that Menander has a salt peculiar to himself, drawn from the same waters that gave birth to Venus.

The Troubadors, Conteurs, and Jongleurs, practised what is yet called in the southern parts of France, *le guay saber*, or the gay science. I consider these as the miscellanists of their day ; they had their grave moralities, their tragic histories, and their sportive tales ; their verse and their prose. The village was in motion at their approach ; the castle was opened to the ambulatory poet; and the feudal hypochondriac listened with deference and delight, to their solemn instructions and their airy fancies. I would call miscellaneous composi-

tion LE GUAY SABER, and I would have every miscellaneous writer as solemn and as gay, as various and as pleasing, as these lively artists of versatility.

Nature herself is most delightful in her miscellaneous scenes. When I hold a volume of miscellanies, and run over with avidity the titles of its contents, my mind is enchanted, as if it were placed among the landscapes of Valais, which Rousseau has described with such picturesque beauty. I fancy myself seated in a cottage amid those mountains, those valleys, those rocks, encircled by the enchantments of optical illusion. I look, and behold at once the blended seasons. "All climates in one place, all seasons in one instant." I gaze at once on a hundred rainbows, and trace the romantic figures of the shifting clouds. I seem to be in a temple dedicated to the service of VARIETY, and no votarist ever hastened to the altar of his patron deity with more zeal than I carry with me to the shrine of this many-tongued, motley-coated, diverse-spoken goddess.

D.

For the Literary Magazine.

A PICTURE OF MODERN ROME.

By a Traveller.

AS much as this city surpasses the other capitals of Europe in historical importance, it is inferior to them in the interest excited by the activity and enjoyments of social life. In this respect Rome cannot sustain any comparison with London or Paris, or even with Petersburg, Vienna, or Berlin, where either a flourishing commerce collects all the productions and treasures of the globe, or where the majesty of the throne is augmented by a splendid court and opulent nobility; where talents of every kind press forwards in the road to honour and fortune; where, through the laudable emulation of genius, the arts and sciences flourish, while industry and luxury, under the sceptre of ever-varying fashion, extend the circle of human enjoyments by a thousand new inventions; where the noblest forms of humanity display themselves beside the most disgusting images of physical and moral depravity. Amid such variety, new scenes continually present themselves, and the painter of manners finds rich materials for his pencil.

What do we find when we turn our eyes to the ancient mistress of the world, enthroned on her seven hills? No flourishing trade, no spirit of useful industry, animates the languid members of this listless body, sunk into the lethargy of universal indolence. Rome's streets are filled with saunterers, beggars, and priests, and her market-places with wretched hucksters; all around, the horrible desolation of a fertile, but neglected country, testifies the slumber of industry. Her ports, peopled rather by galley-slaves than merchants, are frequented only by the few vessels belonging to foreign nations which supply the papal dominions with salt fish for their fasts, and articles of luxury. Since the commodities of the priests have, in a great measure, lost their value abroad, the commerce of Rome has been entirely passive. The streams of gold and silver which, a few ages since, poured in such abundance from every country into the lap of the church, are now diverted, and flow in a very scanty current from some few dark regions to the west and north; and credulous pilgrims seldom repair from distant parts to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Peter. The ancient splendour of the court of Rome is extinguished, together with the lightnings of the Vatican. The former licentiousness of its manners has ceased with the power to sin. The diversions and festivities which diffuse life over the residence of temporal princes, which attract to their courts the opulent nobility from the provinces, which collect the most accomplished youth of both sexes, and multitudes of tra-

vellers from foreign countries, are banished from a court composed of decrepid and unmarried priests and monks, whose festivals are an endless repetition of the same empty pageantry, at the sight of which all the charms of novelty and pomp are unable to prevent the languor by which they are accompanied. The mode of life of the Roman nobility is equally ill calculated to give a zest to existence. Of the hostile interests and passions which reign in cities, enlivened by industry and wealth, Rome manifests scarcely any traces. In proportion to the magnitude of Rome, its population is very small. More than two-thirds of the space inclosed by the walls of the city is uninhabited; and full one-third of the remainder is occupied by churches, extensive convents, and half-ruined palaces. The indolence of the lower classes, who pass their lives in pious nothings, confine their earnings to what is just necessary for their daily supply. For this reason the populace is neither so turbulent, nor so easily led into excesses, as that of other large capitals. The Roman populace, though equally rude and indecent, is less brutal; and if, in consequence of the great relaxation and corruption of morals, the wretched administration of justice, the neglect of police, and the misery of the lower classes, robberies and murders are frequent here, yet there are no such haunts of vice, such sinks of depravity, into which flow the scum and dregs of society from every country, as at London and Paris. The general state of licentiousness and indolence which prevails, is the reason that Rome is neither the theatre of brilliant virtues nor of striking follies; that even vice and crime are not distinguished by any thing great or remarkable; for they are only directed to the attainment of ordinary purposes, to the gratification of low passions; and, therefore, even when they break forth with the greatest fury, they bear the stamp of no more than ordinary cruelty and guilt.

Such are the reasons why modern Rome, stripped of the magic veil of antiquity, presents none of those glaring hues exhibited in other large cities, where you meet with a more refined cultivation, greater industry, opulence, and luxury, but, at the same time, higher virtues, more eccentric follies, and more extravagant vices.

The situation of Rome, in an extensive plain, on a group of several hills, between which the yellow current of the Tiber winds its gentle course, affords a great number of charming views both of the city and adjacent country; bounded north by the distant heights of the woody Cyminus and Soracte; west by a plain which extends to the sea; east by the majestic Apennine; and south by the mountains of Albano, crowned with pleasing villages and enchanting villas. No other large city, except Naples, presents such a rich variety of picturesque views as Rome from her different hills. Those who have visited Rome, need only to be reminded, among many others, of the prospects from the tower of the Capitol, from San Pietro in Montorio, from the Villa Corsini, from the cupola of St Peter's, from the Villa Medici, from the ruins of the imperial palace on Mount Palatine, and Monte Mario. With its present beauties is combined the interest of classical antiquity and history, which at every step unites the enjoyment of the present with the past, and gives greater importance to every part of the spectacle.

Rome deserves the name of a magnificent more than of a handsome city. The great number of splendid churches and palaces, richly decorated with all the embellishments of modern architecture; the many public fountains, monuments, and obelisks which adorn the squares and market-places; the numerous and venerable remains of ancient Roman architecture, scattered through the city, like the disjointed relics of some gigantic body; and even the extensive vacant spaces

in the uninhabited parts of the city, where the solitary wanderer tramples on the tomb of departed greatness, convey an impression of grandeur and magnificence, which no other large city is capable of producing, and which even the contrast of present misery and degradation is not able to efface. To deserve the character of a handsome city, the buildings of Rome ought to be more uniform, and its plan more regular. A great part is composed of small, crooked, and filthy streets; and the magnificent temples and palaces form a contrast too glaring with the contiguous huts of poverty and wretchedness. It wants a union of the two extremes, by means of buildings of the middling class, which, without being distinguished by pomp or penury, might, by their cleanliness, and the neatness of their architecture, afford a just idea of the circumstances of their inhabitants. Of this class of houses, Rome has proportionably much too few, and of churches, palaces, and the abodes of poverty, it has far too many. Thus the exterior of Rome is a faithful picture of its different inhabitants. Superfluity and poverty, luxury and wretchedness, magnificence and filth, without any of the intermediate gradations, form the most striking contrasts.

The climate in general is regarded as sickly, but this sentence must be qualified. Rome possesses situations as salubrious as the most healthy towns of Italy; but the whole city is not alike. All the elevated parts, especially the Plinian and Quirinalian hills, have a pure air and a wholesome situation. The *aria cattiva*, to the account of which the inhabitants of Rome charge every disease, is, in most cases, a mere hobgoblin, which they dread without the least reason. The fevers which in summer are frequent at Rome, may, with greater justice, be ascribed to the want of sufficient and nourishing food, and the consequent debility, than to the air. Another cause of these fevers, less generally known, and not willingly acknowledged, is the churches, which are extremely cool in summer, and are infected with the pestilential effluvia of bodies deposited in the vaults beneath. In these places the perspiration produced by the heat of the weather in the streets is easily checked; the body imbibes the putrid *miasmata* from the surrounding atmosphere; and thus many carry home with them the seeds of a malignant fever, which soon associates them with those by whom they were infected, when they likewise become new sources of infection to others. During *the late republic*, it was once proposed to prohibit burying in churches; but now an inveterate prejudice will long stand in the way of such a beneficial change.

Many parts of Rome are undeniably unhealthy in summer. The vicinity of the Vatican was notorious in ancient Rome, as at present, for the insalubrity of the air. The same character is given, with equal justice, to other low situations near the Tiber, and to some less populous portions of the city; so that the inhabitants, and the monks belonging to the convents in those quarters, are obliged to leave their habitations from the end of June to the end of September, and to remove to more healthy parts. This acknowledged insalubrity of many quarters of Rome gave rise to a law, which forbids a housekeeper to turn out a lodger during the hot season; experience having proved, that the change of residence during that period is very often prejudicial to health. In the Campagna di Roma, which is, for the greatest part, uncultivated, and infected by the pestilential exhalations from stagnant waters and putrid vegetation, the air is much more impure. It is impossible to pass the night there in the open air without danger. During the late republic, some hundreds of the Polish legion were sent, on account of the want of hands, into the country, to assist in the harvest: they slept, as usual, in the open air, but the greatest part of them returned to Rome with malignant fe-

vers, of which very many died. This evil might be entirely removed, and the Campagna di Roma not only rendered habitable, but converted into the most fertile and delightful district of Italy, by the cultivation of the soil, and the erection of villages, by draining off stagnated waters, and planting trees and hedges; but how can such an undertaking be thought of, under a government like that of the pope? and should it even commence such an enterprize in good earnest, it would soon be at a loss for the means to prosecute it.

For fear of the insalubrity of the air, foreigners generally leave Rome in the hot season; particularly as the grand festivals, which usually prolong their residence till St. Peter's day, are then over. The climate of Rome is, however, not hurtful to foreigners; they must only observe moderation in eating and drinking, particularly during the hot season, and shun excesses of every kind; go abroad but little in the heat of the day, refrain from all arduous mental exertions after meals, and avoid sleeping with the windows open. Irregularities are every where pernicious; but here they are doubly so, on account of the great relaxation of the body during the long summer, and especially on account of the sirocco which frequently prevails. By observing these precautions, and by regulating their mode of life according to the climate, foreigners live many years at Rome, without sustaining the smallest injury.

Though it may be easy to discover the peculiar character of a nation from the conduct of individuals, yet it is extremely difficult to select its essential traits, and to form a just picture of them as a whole. It is still more difficult to delineate the particular character, and the distinguishing lines of the different tribes of which a nation is composed. The most striking objects, the physiognomy, dialect, and dress are not sufficient for this purpose. The character can be painted only in the manners, and these originate in local situation, in the religion, civil constitutions, and manner of life of a people, either natural, or modified by the artificial means of subsistence, and by still more remote causes. All these things require long study and observation. On a near acquaintance with the Italian nation, it is easy to discover that greater intenseness and irratibility of sensual system, a more tender organization, a more lively sensibility, a warmer temperament, a more fertile imagination, a greater pliability of body and mind, a quicker apprehension, a more lively expression by words, tone, and gesture, a more lofty understanding, a more ardent admiration of beauty, a greater taste for music and poetry, and more natural humanity; but at the same time a stronger propensity to voluptuousness, jealousy, revenge, superstition, and indolence, less good sense, less steadiness and energy for cool, solid reflection and investigation, than the northern nations of Europe possess, are the characteristics of Italians; for these qualities are found in every province of Italy. It would not be so easy to delineate the particular characters of the Venetian, the Genoese, the Lombard, the Tuscan, the Roman, the Neapolitan. It will be a task sufficiently arduous to sketch the character of the people of Rome, in their manners, as it appeared to me after long observation.

An expressive physiognomy, regular features, a large handsome black eye, in which glows the fire of of sensibility, are the characteristics of the Italian nation in general. In Rome, these qualities are found more frequently and perfectly, than in any other large city of Italy. Those noble forms, those beautiful profiles, those charming ovals, which are here often met with, even among the lower classes, are evident demonstrations that the people of Rome must have once attained to a high pitch of cultivation, for the organic faculties to arrive at such perfection. It was at Rome that the greatest artists of modern times,

Raphael and Dominichino, found their originals; and it is evident that they did not decorate them with imaginary graces. Fine female forms are most common among the middling class; and the fair sex is here comparatively handsomer than the men, who are in general too meagre and slender, and are deficient in that strength which distinguishes a handsome man. The females, on the contrary, combine with that fascinating rotundity which is an essential requisite to beauty, a noble figure, and the utmost delicacy of shape; they are apt however, as they grow old, to become unwieldy and fat. This must be ascribed to the inactivity of their lives; for, according to the custom, the women pay little attention to domestic concerns, and for want of education, know not how to employ their minds. The Roman ladies manifest a grace in their walk and gesture, and move along the streets with a dignity which reminds you of the matrons of ancient Rome, and forms a striking contrast with the short tripping step of the French, so that an *ultramontane* female would here be easily distinguished only by her gait. This gravity of deportment, which seems to accord so ill with the natural vivacity of the sex at Rome, must only be regarded as the veil of decorum, which every *dona Romana* puts on, when she appears in public, and throws aside as soon as she is out of the street.

Thus you may often see a female, the gravity and correctness of whose demeanour announce a vestal, converted, a few minutes afterwards, into the most wanton *bacchante*. Rosy cheeks and a blooming complexion, are as rare as light hair; but these deficiencies are not an injury to beauty. A noble figure, expressive features, and eyes full of fire, amply compensate the want of those charms.

A Roman is irritable and passionate; satirical and witty in an extraordinary degree; he has a delicate taste for what is grand and beautiful, and an admirable talent for music. His pliant body is the willing instrument of an active soul. Even among the lower classes, notwithstanding all their rudeness and ignorance, you meet with no traces of that clownish awkwardness which adheres to the uncultivated inhabitant of more northern regions, and of which it is so difficult for him to divest himself, because his less delicate nerves and more rigid fibres check the action both of the mind and body. The temper of the Roman is likewise of the happiest sort, cheerful and serene as his sky, as the nature which surrounds him, and every where invites to pleasure and enjoyment. Moderate in the gratification of the coarser appetites, he indulges to excess only in those pleasures, in which the mind and the imagination can participate with the senses.

These qualities appear to still greater advantage in the young females. As their domestic education is wholly neglected, and no pains are bestowed on the cultivation of the mind and heart; they are commonly left entirely to themselves; but this deficiency is compensated as far as it is possible to be by their good sense, their excellent understanding, and accurate judgment. And if, under such disadvantages, that soul of beauty, female grace, be imperfectly unfolded, they, however, display a quickness of apprehension, a vivacity, an amiable frankness, and a candour which is the more pleasing as it is purely the expression of unsophisticated nature. These agreeable qualities cover, with a friendly veil, the want of mental cultivation, and the ignorance which is in general more easily forgiven the sex. As the education of females of the highest rank is equally neglected with that of the lower classes, you perceive no difference between conversing with a Roman *principessa* and a tradesman's daughter. If the Roman females, in addition to their natural qualifications and great susceptibility, had the good fortune to receive such an education as is given to the greatest part of the sex in

more northern regions, they would not only be enabled to dispute the palm of beauty, but likewise of every female accomplishment, with any of their European sisters.

For the Literary Magazine.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HALL OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY OF PARIS.

By a Traveller, in 1801.

I WAS lately invited, by a member of the legislative body, to accompany him, to view the opening of their session. No one is admitted without a ticket; and not more than 200 strangers can be present at the sittings. The gallery allotted to spectators is small, even in proportion to that number, and, in general, extremely crowded. My friend introduced me into the body of the hall, where I was seated very conveniently, both for seeing and hearing, near the *tribune*, on the left of the president.

This hall was built for the council of five hundred, on the site of the grand apartments of the *Palais Bourbon*. It has since been appropriated to the sittings of the legislative body, on which account the palace has taken their name, and over the principal entrance is inscribed, in embossed characters of gilt bronze, Palais du Corps Legislatif.

It stands on the south bank of the Seine, facing the *Pont de la Concorde*. It was begun, in 1722, for Louise-Francoise de Bourbon, a legitimated daughter of Lewis XIV. Girardini, an Italian architect, planned the original building, which was afterwards carried on by L'Assurance and Gabriel. The Prince de Condé having purchased it, it was considerably augmented and embellished, at different times, by Barrau, Carpentier, and Bélisard.

Had the *Pont de la Concorde* been built before the *Palais Bourbon*, the principal entrance would, probably, have been placed towards the river; but it faces the north, and edges on a paltry square, now called *Place du Corps Legislatif.*

In the centre of a Corinthian colonnade, is the grand gateway, beneath a sort of triumphal arch, which is connected by a double colonnade, with two pavilions. The lateral buildings of the outer court, which is two hundred and eighty feet in length, are of the same order, and a second court of two hundred and forty feet, includes part of the original palace, built in the Italian style.

The principal entrances on the right and left lead to two halls; the one dedicated to *peace;* the other to *victory.* On one side, we go to the rooms of the old palace; on the other, we enter two spacious rooms. The room to the left, inscribed to *liberty*, is intended for petitioners, &c.: that to the right, inscribed to *equality*, is appropriated to conferences. Between the halls of liberty and equality, is the hall of the legislative body.

The form is semicircular; the seats rising gradually one above the other, in the amphitheatrical style, have backs, and are well formed both for ease and convenience. They are intersected by passages, which enable the members to reach or quit their places without confusion. Every seat is numbered, so that no one can be at a loss to find his place. In the centre is an elevated rostrum, with a seat for the president, directly under which is the *tribune*, also elevated, for the orator of the moment. The tribune has a bas-relief, in white marble, representing France writing her constitution, and Fame proclaiming it. The table for the four secretaries faces the tribune, beneath which the *huissiers* stand. The desk and seat of the president, are of solid mahogany, ornamented with *or moulu.* The folding doors, which open into the hall, on the right and left of the president, are also of mahogany, embellished in the same manner. Their frames are of white marble, richly sculp-

tured. Beside these doors, there are others leading to the upper seats, by two elegant stone stair-cases.

In six niches, three on each side of the tribune, are statues of Greek and Roman legislators. On the right, are Lycurgus, Solon, and Demosthenes; on the left, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero. The walls are stuccoed, and the upper part is decorated by an Ionic colonnade. The light proceeds from a cupola, glazed in the centre, and the remainder of which is divided into small compartments, each containing an emblematical figure. The floor is paved with marble, in compartments, embellished with allegorical attributes.

I will now give you some account of the forms observed in opening the session.

When I arrived, most of the members were already assembled in their library At noon, they repaired to the hall, preceded by the *huissiers*, messengers of state, and secretaries

The opening was announced by the firing of great guns.

The oldest member took the president's chair, *pro. tempore.*

The four youngest members were called upon as temporary secretaries.

The president then declared, that the members of the legislative body were assembled by virtue of article xxxiii of the constitution, for the session of the year ten; that, being, to translate literally, *provisionally organized*, the sitting was opened; and that their names were going to be called, to ascertain the number present, and to form *definitive arrangements*, by the nomination of a president and four secretaries.

The names were then called over twice, alphabetically.

This ceremony being finished, four committees, of four members each, drawn by lot by the president, proceeded openly to scrutinize the ballot.

It appeared that the number present was *two hundred and twenty-eight.*

That citizen Dupuis was elected president.

That citizens Dubosc, Bord, Estaque, and Clavier were appointed secretaries.

Citizen Dupuis was then proclaimed president, and took the chair. He then moved the following resolution, which was agreed to:

"The legislative body declares, that it is *definitely constituted*, and decrees that the present declaration shall be carried to the conservative senate, to the tribunate, and to the consuls of the republic, by a messenger of state"

The president then made a sort of inaugural speech, short, and on the common topics of the day. This was followed by a general cry of *L'Impression, L'Impression.*

Three orators, deputed by the government, were next announced, and introduced in form. They were habited in their dress of counsellors of state, that is, a scarlet coat, richly embroidered in shaded silks of the same colour, over which they wore a tricoloured silk sash.

One of them ascending the tribune, and obtaining leave to speak, read an extract from the registers of the council of state, dated 24th Brumaire, purporting that the first consul had nominated the counsellors of state, Regnier, Bérenger, and Dumas to repair to the present sitting. Citizen Regnier then addressed the assembly in the name of the government. He read his speech from a paper which he held in his hand.

The president made a short reply to the orators, who then retired with the same ceremony with which they had entered. Both speeches were ordered to be printed.

The conservative senate addressed to the legislative body, by a message read by the president, the different acts made by them since the last session. Ordered to be inserted in the journals. A few letters were also read by the president from different members, excusing themselves for non-attendance on account

of sickness. Several authors having addressed each a copy of his work to the legislative body, they were accepted, and ordered to be placed in their library.

The *administrative commission* of the legislative body announced that the embassador of the Cisalpine republic had sent a present of three hundred medals, struck on occasion of the peace and of the *forum Bonaparte*, which medals were distributed to the members.

The assembly then adjourned to the following day at noon.

A box facing the president, is allotted to embassadors. A small box is likewise appropriated to reporters, who take down the proceedings. The members were all habited a la costume, which consists of a dark blue coat embroidered with gold, blue pantaloons and white waistcoat, also embroidered, a tricoloured silk sash, worn above the coat, and edged with a rich gold fringe. They wore a plain cocked hat, with the national cockade, and short boots. This meeting of legislators, all in the same dress, undoubtedly presents a more pleasing spectacle than such a motely crowd as is sometimes seen in the British house of commons; but all this symmetry, and order, and parade, dwindles down into something very frivolous and childish, when we recollect that the functions of this numerous body, are those merely of puppets; that the laws, to which their sanction is necessary, never originate with themselves; are proposed to them by others, and that they must give to them nothing but a mute assent or dissent. The latter, indeed, is rendered altogether impossible by the nature of the tenure by which they hold their seats. The gravity with which they go through mere nugatory forms, will make the most lenient cynic smile, and the sentiment of disapprobation and contempt which he feels, only acquires new strength from the reflection, that to tie up their hands and tongues is the only way to restrain these theatrical legislators from clamour and outrage; like heedless and thoughtless children, to leave them to their own discretion, is only to insure their destruction.

Before I take leave of this palace, I must lead you into the rooms formerly distinguished by the name of *petits appartemens du Palais Bourbon*, and which, before the revolution, formed one of the curiosities of Paris.

In the distribution of these, Bélisard had assembled all the charms of modern elegance. The vestibule, painted in French gray, contains, in the intervals between the doors, figures of Bacchantes, and in the ceiling, wreaths of roses and other ornaments painted in imitation of relief. The eating-room, which comes next, is so finished as to represent a verdant bower, the paintings are under mirrors, and tinplate, cut out in the Chinese manner, seems to show light through the foliage. In two niches, made in the arbour-work, in the form of porticoes, which Cupids are crowning with garlands, are placed two statues from the antique, the one representing Venus *pudica*, and the other, Venus *callypyga*, or *aux belles fesses*: mirrors, placed in the niches, reflect beauties which the eye could not discover.

The drawing-room, another enchanting place, is circular, surrounded with Ionic pillars. In the intercolumniations, are arches lined with mirrors, and ornamented with the most tasteful hangings. Under each arch is a sopha. The ceiling represents caryatides supporting a circular gallery, between which are different subjects, such as the toilet of Venus, the departure of Adonis, &c. Every thing here is gallant and rich; but mark the secret wonder. You pull a string; the ceiling rises like a cloud, and exhibits to view an extensive sky, with which it becomes confounded. The music of an invisible orchestra, placed above the ceiling, used to be heard through the opening, and pro-

duced a charming effect, when entertainments were given in these apartments.

This is not all. You pull another string; and, by means of concealed machinery, the aperture of the three casements suddenly becomes occupied by pannels of mirrors, so that you may here instantly turn day into night. The bed-chamber, the *boudoir*, the study, &c., are all decorated in a style equally elegant and tasteful.

For the Literary Magazine.

POTATOES.

THE following particulars of methods, expenses, and profits, in the English culture of potatoes, will not fail to afford entertainment and instruction to the American agriculturist, as well as to those among us who delight to analize the state of society and the arts, in other countries besides their own. They are taken from a communication to the Bath society, by Mr. Billingsly, an eminent Kentish farmer. The sums are reduced from sterling to American money, at four and sixpence the hundred cents.

Expenses.	*Dls.*	*Cts.*
Ploughing an oat-stubble in October 1783, at 80 cts. per acre	4	80
Cross ploughing, in March 1784	4	80
Harrowing, 40 cts. per acre	2	40
One hundred and eighty cart loads of compost manure, 12 dls. per acre	72	00
Forty-two sacks of seed potatoes, each sack weighing two hundred and forty pound, of the white sort	42	00
Cutting the sets, 10 cts. per sack	4	20
Carried forward,	130	20

Expenses.	*Dls.*	*Cts.*
Brought forward,	130	20
Setting on ridges eight feet wide, leaving an interval of two feet for an alley, for every twenty yards, 10 cts.	42	40
Hoeing, at 1 dol. per acre	6	00
Digging up the two feet interval, and throwing the earth on the plants, at 2 dols. per acre	12	00
Digging up the crop, at 13 1-3 cts., for every twenty yards in length, the breadth being eight feet.	57	20
Labour and expense of securing in pits, wear and tear of baskets, straw, reed, spikes, &c., 2 dols. per acre	12	00
Rent at 4 dols. per annum	24	00
Tithe at 1 dol. per annum	6	00
	289	80
Or per acre	48	30

Produce.	*Dls.*	*Cts.*
Six hundred sacks of best potatoes, at 80 cts.	480	00
One hundred and twenty sacks middle sized, at 70 cts.	84	00
Fifty of small, at 60 cts.	30	00
	594	00
Deduct expenses	289	00
Leaves clear profit	315	00
Which is per acre	52	50

N. B. Each sack two hundred and forty pounds.

Some persons may object to the above price, as being too high; but I can assure them that they are worth more as a food for hogs; beside, I have sold potatoes within the last two years, at two dollars and forty cents per sack, but I never before knew them at so low a price as the present.

One dollar and twenty cents per sack, would be more than ninety dollars per acre, and at one dollar

and sixty cents per sack, one hundred and forty-four dollars.

According to this estimate, it appears, that each acre requires in planting, one thousand six hundred and eighty pounds of potatoes, and produces thirty thousand eight hundred pounds, which is more than eight fold; and at the rate of consumption, in some Scottish and Irish families, who subsist altogether on this root, one acre will furnish ample food to more than twenty persons, and the food of each person will cost less than five dollars per annum. The price of potatoes being at the above rates, on an average, about one third of a cent per pound.

The field on which the above experiment was made, was an out stubble in the autumn of 1783. In October it was ploughed, and left in a rough state during the winter. In April it was cross-ploughed and harrowed.

On the 8th of May, says Mr. B., I began planting, by marking out the field into beds or ridges eight feet wide, leaving a space of two feet wide for an alley between every two ridges. The manure, a compost of stable dung, virgin earth, and scrapings of a turnpike road, was then brought on the land, and deposited in small heaps on the centre of each ridge, in the proportion of about thirty cart loads to each acre. A trench was then opened with a spade, breadthway of the ridge, about four inches deep; in this trench the potatoe sets were placed at the distance of nine inches from each other; the dung was then spread in a trench on the sets, and a space or plit of fourteen inches in breadth dug in upon them.

When the plants were about six inches high, they were carefully hoed, and soon after the two feet intervals between the ridges were dug, and the contents thrown round the young plants. This refreshment, added to the ample manure previously bestowed, produced such luxuriance and rapidity of growth, that no weed could show its head. The land is now in a state of the highest fertility, perfectly clean, and in most excellent preparation, either for wheat or spring corn.

In this mode of planting, a very small space of ground is left unoccupied, and the crop more abundant, than any I ever before experienced.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE.

EVERY species of knowledge has a numerous class of students, who devote their days to it alone, and without any depth of observation, or impulse of genius, collect bodies of facts, which may serve as materials for ingenious speculation. But of these, few have strengthened their reason, enlarged their mind, or seized on those graces which adorn composition. We are at once astonished and disgusted at their vast reading; they seem to know every thing that requires not to be known.

With them, persevering study stands in stead of extensive genius, and a long memory in place of a bright fancy. It is not, Who has greater talents, but Who has read most. Knowledge consists of reflection; learning of reading. As one man cannot read much more than another, in the same given time, the learned, at a certain period of life, are, therefore, all nearly equal in ability. It is not so in *philosophy* or knowledge; there, one man may go farther in a year, than another in all his life; time, therefore, may make an *erudit*, but genius only can form a *philosopher*.

When the labours of an erudit are at length published, it is discovered, that he has no skill in the art of composition. This numerous race of literati have no notion of that delight in composition, without which a writer is learned in vain. Some deem the pleasures of literature not only superfluous, but criminal, and think that the delight afforded by mere composition argues

an effeminate and corrupt mind; while others imagine that all comments and reflections only insult the reader's understanding. An annalist is therefore preferred to a historian: Hume is reviled, for intermingling with his lucid narrative, his acute reflections. They say, we are capable of reflecting for ourselves; but this is neither modesty nor truth.

Among reasoning men, such students have fixed a great odium on literature; and if literary pursuits have been often ridiculed, it has been owing to such laborious trifling and impertinent details. Montaigne has declaimed against them, in various parts of his works. Frequently they fix on some fantastic topic, and fill their frivolous volumes with the most laborious erudition. Among these, we may rank the following extraordinary works: *the history of beards; and another of wigs; of learned dirty men; of learned men married to shrews; on literary bastards; on learned misanthropes; on paper clothes; and on terms of abuse in the Hebrew, Latin, and Greek languages.* Beckman'sHistory of Inventions and Improvements is a most bulky monument of this sort of trifling. There are likewise *the history of cats, and another of rats*, both supposed to be written as a satire on these absurd researches. It is not, indeed, sufficient to write about, but to reason on antiquity; and a student hardly merits the honours of learning, whose science consists in an arid knowledge of words or customs, and who renders some of the most pleasing topics disgustful to men of taste.

Do we not abuse too often the word learning? He is honoured with the title, who has only retained by rote, obsolete customs, extinct characters, and whatever relates to past ages. But he who is anxious to familiarise himself to his own times, and is conversant with whatever relates to his own *century*, who has little by rote, and a great deal *by thinking*, him we degrade to a lower rank, and call him a man of reading. He who hazards not a word in his latinity, unauthorised by Cicero, is dubbed a scholar; yet another, not quite so lexicographic in his style, but quite as eloquent as Cicero, we consider as inferior in learning to his rival pedant. If a classical scholar versifies in Greek, an English poem, which, in the most favourable view, is only acting well the school-boy in mature life, we dignify him with eulogies, which the true poet he versifies could not more have merited. For my part, I consider as knowledge, that only which a man knows by reflection. It is of no consequence to *remember* that such a word is found in Cicero; that the name of one barbarian succeeded the *name* of another; that such fashions prevailed in the reign of such a king; and all that multifarious minute trifling which constitutes what most term *learning*. To *reason* on such particulars may enlighten, but to *remember* them is nothing. More ingenuity is shown in unriddling charades, and in writing acrostics, than some reputed scholars exert in their literary labours. It is as rare to find among men of genius, an erudit, as among eridits to discover a man of genius.

Such are they who study fourteen hours a day, and indefatigably push on their heavy systems throughout life. Schioppius detected five hundred blunders in one hundred and twenty pages of Scaliger; and Holstenius discovered eight thousand in Baronius! Madame Dacier says that she had read Aristophanes two hundred times; and one Berlugerius was so insane a reader of Homer, that he was excommunicated for reading him at church. His restless zeal at last undertook a journey to the fields of Troy, but he is supposed to have lost his way. One cannot but smile at the manner with which one of this venerable fraternity closes his History of the World: "in my second book," says he, "the world may judge by my reflections and remarks, whether I have discernment and genius." The school

of low commentators is admirably depicted, in these lines of Armstrong:

> The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
> Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
> And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall.

Many are familiar with the Latin and the Grecian compositions, whom the Latins and the Greeks, full of taste and sensibility, would never have admitted into their society.

Men of elevated fancy have ever treated these industrious students with contempt. Hobbes said, that had he read as much as some learned men, he had been as ignorant as they. Le Clerc observes, in his *Ars Critica*, that had two authors whom he mentions, read less and digested better, they had produced more useful works. Malebranche asserts, that the proper study of man is truth, considered as it relates to himself; that this can only be found in philosophy, and that history only presents us with trivial or imperfect copies. They conceived more truth to be contained in a moral precept, than in a historical fact; and they, therefore, preferred the cultivation of the understanding to that of the memory.

This erronous system has, indeed, found opponents; and not a few admit the old maxim, that history is philosophy teaching by example. The censure of Malebranche will, however, be justly pointed at all histories composed by the *mere erudits*. A mass of minute facts may prove the author a profound antiquary, but a shallow philosopher; and it may be observed of historical composition, that the philosopher generally begins at those periods where the antiquary concludes.

These erudits are characterised by an enormous passion for collecting books. They were once called *Helluones Librorum*. But this book gluttony is without digestion or taste.

Wendeborn judiciously observes, that the price given in public sales, for what are called *editiones principes*, have often astonished him, and are not consistent with reason, which, however, with those who are called dilettanti, may be out of the question. Such literary imbecilities are transmitted from possessor to possessor, and are often exhibited at book-sales in Europe, when the hammer of the bookseller has more than once fallen from his hand, in astonishment at the prices he received. Koecherus has written a Treatise on Literary Idolatry.

When Hearne, the antiquary, published the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, he entered into a warm defence of the *old black letter*, and says, it is a reproach to us, that the black letter, which was so much in use in our grandfathers' days, should be now, as it were, disused; and he adds, though I have taken so much pleasure in perusing the English Bible of the year 1541, yet 'tis nothing equal to that I should take in turning over that of the year 1539. Indeed, such is the propensity of these students, that some great commentators on Shakespeare, it is said, are not allowed to visit the library at Cambridge without a guard, as it has been discovered, that these amateurs are not the most honest men, amidst a black letter collection.

Pinelli furnished his famous *Bibliotheca* chiefly by his skill in an art which lies much more in the dexterity of his hands, than his head. Bishop Moore, sir Thomas Bodley, Mr. Umfreville, Dr. Rawlinson, and many others, were all of them celebrated collectors, and every one a bibliothecal thief. Sir Robert Saville, writing to sir Robert Cotton, appointing an interview with sir Thomas Bodley, the great founder of the Bodleian library, cautions sir Robert that "If he held anie boke so deare as thatt hee would bee loathe to lose it, he should *not let sir Thomas out of his sight*, but set the boke aside beforehand." A similar anecdote is told of bishop Moore: A gentleman calling on a friend who possessed a very choice

library, found him busy in *hiding his best books*, and locking up as many as he could. On enquiring the reason of this odd occupation the bibliopolist replied: Don't you know the bishop of Ely dines with me to day? At Exeter, a collection of medals was left lately at the death of the donor, with a paper, purporting that when such a person, who was a brother collector, should desire to examine them, he should be closely watched by two persons on each side of him! By some odd association, to steal books seems generally to be thought no crime.

An indulgence for the *bibliomania*, the taste for classing books, and the judgment shown in their various editions, are doubtless innocent pursuits, till carried to that excess which renders a man ridiculous. The owner becomes so deeply read in titles and indexes, that often he who had sufficient talents to form a catalogue, has conceived himself capable of adding to it a volume of his own. To these dull possessors of rich libraries, we might hint, that the acquisition of the finest musical instruments does not make a musician.

Such a one will, probably, be a man of mean talents, and slender judgment. He will collect every thing, till he embarrasses his feeble faculties; and amid all possible means of information, will stand irresolute and ignorant. Discordant opinions he perceives; but to drag out truth from among them, demands skill and energy, which few erudits possess. In collecting facts, a slight attention is required, and while the higher faculties are torpid, the infatuated compiler considers them as active; but, in truth, it is only the hand that transcribes, not the head that thinks. The common place book is crowded with facts, while the mind acquires not one solitary thought. This erudition is a gross lust of the mind; it seizes on every thing indiscriminately, yet produces nothing; it is passion without fruition.

A philosopher, having the same topics, will select the leading circumstances only as his chief authorities. The art of rejecting is not less important than the art of accumulating; *half*, to speak not mathematically, is in such cases *more than the whole*. He who wearies all, without wearying himself, smothers his fire, by his heaps of fuel; but a philosopher lights a little wood with the clear and durable flame of genius. The discoveries of meditation are more numerous than those of reading; for meditation can penetrate into those ages where facts are unrecorded. It has been sometimes found, that a philosopher, without any other aid than his own meditations, has accounted for circumstances, which have been confirmed by facts, long afterwards discovered by the tardy dulness of the torpid antiquary. Meditation anticipates evidence, or extracts from hackneyed testimony new truths.

Let us contemplate these erudits, when commenting on a classical author. Such critics are more delighted by an obscure expression in a fine sentence, than with the sentence itself; as oculists are not displeased when their friends have infirm eyes. But even the humble province of annotation, by a philosophic genius, becomes no contemptible task; and Johnson's notes, though not the most esteemed by his unworthy fraternity, frequently appear like an accidental wave vehemently rolling over a dead pool.

Those violent panegyrics with which they idolise an author, are as insincere as they are disgustful. When a pedant throws an offering of flowers, on the altar of the graces, he acts not with the ardour, but the hypocrisy of devotion.

Thus one of the Scaligers tells us of that ode of Horace,

Quis multa graciles, &c.,

that it is *merum nectar*, and of another by the same poet, he says that he would rather be the author

of it, than inherit an imperial crown.

We have seen these erudits bring forward some forgotten writer, who deserved his fate, with a pomp of eulogy that the greatest cannot merit; and even the legitimate applause due to celebrated authors, they render ridiculous. These ponderous minds have been well described by Voltaire, when he observes of Dacier, *Qu'il connoissoit tout des anciens hors la grace et la finesse.* Sensibility of taste rarely directs their choice of an author; but merely the accidental collection of a number of notes, and often a more trivial circumstance. We have had new editions of obsolete writers, because their commentator was born in the same town, or in the same kingdom. Authors have been more frequently given for the notes, than what should be, the notes for the author. Thus Duchat published editions of several obscure writers, because, having directed his researches into the middle ages, he was desirous of discharging his adversaria on the public. Scaliger preferred Virgil to Homer, because Virgil was his countryman, and Dacier preferred Homer to all past and future poets, because he was the most ancient.

He who has grown hoary in erudition, acquires an untractable vanity. He regards his hourly discoveries with a spirit of self-exultation, which places him far above the attainments of the philosopher. He who is directed by reason, and relies more on his thinking, than his reading, makes few, and often late, discoveries; he who cultivates taste, often turns, with displeasure, from unimportant topics: but he who collects and arranges facts, felicitates himself upon new acquirements, and as he explores the interminable desert of erudition, amasses a vast and mingled treasure, and exults in seeming splendour.

Uncertain and unfix'd he still remains;
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself;
Crude, or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

Whenever learning is made to consist in words or facts, it is amusing to observe its effects upon its votarists. The insolence of an antiquary has no parallel, whenever we start a subject congenial to his studies; because having, with much commendable pains, and many patient years, traced the matter through all its possible connections, he knows what facts can be related, and is conscious that the speaker cannot have acquired more than himself. This gives birth to many extravagancies of lettered vanity; and I have observed two antiquaries, kindling in dispute, while one had, perhaps, only a month's or a day's more reading than his adversary.

No class of students have more exalted notions of their talents, than good linguists; for having perfected themselves in the verbal science, they come to regard words as science itself, and do not recollect that they are but the keys of the gates.

It is of no consequence what such men *say*. They will probably, like sir Wm. Jones, take every opportunity of expatiating on the futility of the study of mere language, while *their* practice, *like his*, will contradict their words, and their most precious years will be consumed in adding one language to another. Their stale pretence will be, that languages are keys to the cabinets of knowledge, which cannot be opened but by those who hold the key, and to this pretence they will adhere, in spite of those who tell them, that, if their native language be German, English, or French, they already possess a key to knowledge, which twenty lives would be unable to exhaust, and that the time spent in adding to the number of their keys would be much better employed in making use of the one they already possess. This cant about the necessity of getting hold of the keys of science might be en-

dured from Russians or Mohocks, whose native cabinets contain little or nothing of any value, but is truly absurd in the mouths of Germans, French, or English, the treasures of whose own language is not only inexhaustibly great, but is augmented, by translation, with the treasures of all other languages.

Such is the character of those who would place such petty limits to the human faculties, and, satisfied with digging out from the graves of time some dead fact, consider knowledge as attainable only by mechanical labour. But as a linguist may combine and know every word in a language, and yet never attain to any skill in composition, so the erudit may heap fact upon fact, and, notwithstanding, never enlighten. Philosophy alone can throw the creative beam of light over the darksome chaos, and awaken *the hoary deep* into order and beauty.

But even philosophy will not be sufficient to render learning attractive; we must also employ the elegancies of composition, and make the wilderness of science glow with the freshest roses of taste. Most of the French academicians, in their learned memoirs, have claims to our applause and imitation: they instruct us to give the bloom of youth to the wrinkles of learning, and, while we form an accurate and lucid recital of facts, to interweave reflections which interest, and to embellish with a style that enchants. We must have learning to collect facts, judgment to seize on those which converge to one point, and a brilliant taste to animate and adorn.

D.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SELF-BIOGRAPHY.

THE study of biography is a recent taste with us. The art of writing lives has been but lately known; and it was, therefore, a usual complaint with the meagre biographers of the last century, when their subject was a man of letters, that his life could not be deemed very interesting, since he, who had only been illustrious in his closet, could not be supposed to afford any materials for history. The life of a prime minister, or the memoirs of a general, as they detailed political intrigues and political opposition, battles, or stratagems, were thought to afford the best opportunities for displaying a writer's literary powers, the subtilty of discernment, and the colouring of description.

But as the human mind became the great object of our inquiry, and to detect and separate the shades of the passions the great aim of the biographer, men perceive that the philosopher, like other men, has his distinct characteristics; and it has now become the labour of criticism to compose the life of an author. No writer can now successfully accomplish his biographical attempts, unless he possesses a flexibility of taste, which, like the cameleon, takes the colour of the object on which it rests.

Every man, in whatever department he moves, has passions, which will vary even from those who are acting the same part as himself. Our souls, like our faces, bear the general resemblance of the species, but retain the form peculiar to the individual. He who studies his own mind, and has the industry to note down the fluctuations of his opinions, and the fallacies of his passions, will form a journal peculiarily interesting to himself, and, probably, not undeserving the meditations of others. Nothing which presents a faithful picture of humanity, is worthless to a human being.

There once prevailed the custom of a man's journalising his own life, Many of these journals yet remain in the MS. state, and some, unfortunately for journal-writing, have been published. We are not, however, to decide on the nature of a plan by the defects of some specimens. The writers of these diaries were not philosophers, for the age was not

philosophic. Too often they were alchemists, and sometimes deemed themselves magicians. Some only registered the minutest events of domestic life. Dates of birth, and settlements of marriage, may be pardoned, but to give the importance of history to the progress of *a purge*, and to return divine thanks for the cutting *of a corn*, and the journal of Elias Ashmole contains few other facts, is giving importance to objects which can only be worth notice in the history of any other animal than man. I am acquainted with a worthy gentleman, who, for this half century, is performing the same labours. He can tell where he dined fifty years past, and accompany the fact with all its circumstances. When he takes one of these little volumes down, he applies to himself the observation of Martial, and says, he has learnt the art of living life twice over. The pleasures of memory are delicious; its objects must, however, be proportionate to the powers of vision, and a meagre or a smart dinner is an object sufficiently delightful, or terrible, to give play to the recordatory organs of this diarist. I have remarked, however, one thing in his contemptible narrative. He resolved to distinguish the happy circumstances of his life in red ink. In looking over his diaries, notwithstanding the obscurity of his situation, and the humility of his desires, I cannot find that his pen was often dipt in the crimson ink of felicity.

The Spectator contains some exquisite satires upon the habit of recording trifling particulars. They are, indeed, designed as satires upon a *life* spent in trifles, but they may likewise be considered as a happy ridicule of that spirit which makes men regard these trifles as worthy of being formally recorded.

He who can, without reserve or hesitation, form such a journal, may be safely pronounced an honest man. Could a Clive, or a Cromwell, have composed a diary? Neither of these men could endure solitude and darkness; at the scattered thoughts of casual reflection they started; what would they have done, had memory marshaled their crimes, and set them in the formal array of chronology? These diaries form that other self, which Shaftesbury has described every thinking being to possess; and which, to converse with, he justly accounts the highest wisdom. When Cato wishes that the breast of every man were a looking-glass, he only uses a metaphorical term for such a diary.

There are two species of minor biography; one detailing our own life, and the other pourtraying our own character. The first has been practised with various success; it is a delicate operation; a stroke too much may destroy the effect of the whole. If once we detect an author deceiving or deceived, it is a livid spot which infects the entire body. To publish one's own life has sometimes been a poor artifice to bring obscurity into notice; it is the drunkenness of vanity, and the raving of egotism. When a great man leaves some memorial of his days, his death-bed sanctions the truth, and the grave consecrates his motives. There are certain things which relate to ourselves, which no one else can know so well; a great genius obliges posterity when he records them. But they must be composed with calmness, simplicity, and sincerity. The Biographic Sketch of Hume, written by himself, is a model of attic simplicity; the Life of Lord Herbert is a biographical curiosity; the Memoirs of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, is very interesting; and those of Colly Cibber is a fine picture of the self-painter. We have some other specimens of self-biography, precious to the philosopher.

Biography should not be written with eloquence; with Rousseau, perhaps, eloquence was only a natural harmony from the voice of truth; but it may also be the artificial tones of deceit. What in Rousseau was nature, may in others be artifice. Self-biographers, like Hume, who state facts with attic simplicity, ap-

pear to speak unreservedly to the reader, and as if they proposed only to supply facts, for others to explain and embellish.

There is another species of minor biography, which, I am willing to believe, could only have been invented by the most refined and the vainest of nations. A fashion formerly prevailed with French authors, to present the public with their own character, and this fashion seems to have passed over to our own country; Farquhar has drawn his character, in a letter to a lady, and others of our writers I believe have given us their own miniatures. The French long cherished this darling egotism; and there is a collection of these literary portraits in two bulky volumes. The brilliant Flechier, and the refined St. Evremond, have framed and glazed their portraits. Every writer then considered his character as necessary as his preface. I confess myself much delighted with these self-descriptions of "persons whom nobody knows." I have formed a considerable collection of these portraits, and have placed them in my cabinet of curiosities, under the title of strong likenesses of unknown persons. Their vanity is too prominent to doubt their accuracy.

I shall not excite the reader's curiosity, without attempting it's gratification; and if he chuses to see what now passes in the minds of many obscure writers, whom he never will know, let him attend to the following character, which may not be so singular as it appears.

There was, as a book in my possession will testify, a certain verse-maker, of the name of Cantenac, who, in 1662, published, at Paris, the abovementioned volume, containing some thousands of verses, which were, as his countrymen express it, *de sa facon*, after his own way. He fell so suddenly into the darkest and deepest pit of oblivion, that not a trace of his memory would have remained, had he not condescended to give ample information of himself. He has acquainted us with his size, and tells us "that it is rare to see a man smaller than himself. I have that in common with all dwarfs, that if my head only were seen, I should be thought a large man." This atom in creation then describes his oval and full face; his fiery and eloquent eyes; his vermil lips; his robust constitution, and his effervescent passions. He appears to have been a most petulant, diminutive, and honest being.

The description of his intellect, is the greatest curiosity, and I select the most striking lines in his own words. "I am as ambitious as any person can be; but I would not sacrifice my honour to my ambition. I am so sensible to contempt, that I bear a mortal and implacable hatred against those who contemn me, and I know I could never reconcile myself with them, but I spare no attentions for those I love; I would give them my fortune and my life. I sometimes *lie*; but generally in affairs of gallantry, where I voluntarily confirm falsehoods by oaths, without reflection, for swearing with me is a habit. I am told that my mind is brilliant, and that I have a certain manner in turning a thought, which is quite my own. I am agreeable in conversation; though I confess I am often troublesome; for I maintain paradoxes to display my genius, which favour too much of scholastic subterfuge. I speak too often and too long; and as I have some reading, and a copious memory, I am fond of showing whatever I know. My judgment is not so solid, as my wit is lively. I am often melancholy and unhappy; and this gloomy disposition proceeds from my numerous disappointments in life. My verse is preferred to my prose; and it has been of some use to me, in pleasing the fair sex; poetry is most adapted to persuade women; but otherwise it has been of no service to me, and has, I fear, rendered me unfit for many advantageous occupations, in which I might have gainfully drudged. The esteem of the fair has, however, charmed away my sorrows. This good fortune has been

obtained by me, at the cost of many cares, and an unsubdued patience; for I am one of those, who, in affairs of love, will suffer a whole year of misery to taste the pleasures of one day."

This character of Cantenac has some local features; for an English poet would hardly console himself with so much gaiety. The Frenchman's attachment to the ladies seems to be equivalent to the advantageous occupations he had lost. But as the miseries of a literary man, without conspicuous talents, are every where the same, there are some parts of this character of Cantenac, which appear to describe them with truth. Cantenac was a man of honour; as warm in his resentment as his gratitude; but deluded by literary vanity, he became a writer in prose and verse, and while he saw the prospects of life closing on him, probably considered that the age was unjust. A melancholy example for those volatile and fervent spirits, who, by becoming authors, either submit their felicity to the caprice of others, or annihilate the obscure comforts of life, and, like him, having "been told that their mind is brilliant, and that they have a certain manner in turning a thought," become writers, and complain that they are "often melancholy, owing to their numerous disappointments." Happy, however, if the obscure, yet too sensible writer, can suffer an entire year, for the enjoyment of a single day! But, for this, a man must have been born in France.

D.

For the Literary Magazine.

CLASSICAL LEARNING NO ANTI-CHRISTIAN TENDENCY.

IN a former number of your work, you ventured to insert some remarks upon the tendency of classical learning to supplant the belief of christianity, by that of the old pagan divinities. The writer seems reasonably enough to conclude, that, though this effect might have taken place when the pagan and christian religions were contending, as during the third and fourth centuries, for the mastery, it is wholly impossible at present. A shrewd writer, in your last number, undertakes to question this inference, but, to me, the arguments and examples he produces seem rather to strengthen than invalidate the conclusion of his adversary.

The reason why tutors do not formally apprize their pupils that Ovid, and Virgil, and Homer are mere romancers is, not because these poets relate things of which the judgment of a child is able to perceive the impossibility, but because, in every christian country, the boy's mind is impressed with the belief of tenets, the truth of which is incompatible with that of Homer and Ovid. This impression is almost always made before he learns Greek and Latin, or, at least, at the same time, so that his *Bible* is a perfect antidote to any religious faith in the Iliad or Metamorphoses.

There is another reason why tutors take no pains, or, at least, have no necessity for taking pains, to prepossess the scholar's mind against belief in the Grecian fables. The natural and inevitable progress of their knowledge and improvement of their judgment set them right, at a very early period, on this head. It is not easy to point out the steps in this progress and improvement, for the understanding arrives at this point so soon, that the memory of very few persons can go back to the era that precedes it. There is as little danger that the mind will credit the dialogues between birds and beasts, as recorded by Æsop, as that it will believe the transformations of Ovid, at an age when just distinctions and rational belief can be properly expected from it.

But if we admit that the cautions of the teacher are necessary to set due bounds to the credulity of the young, when reading the ancient poets, we must, I think, likewise ad-

mit that such cautions are amply sufficient to this end. Nothing can be more easy than to prevent any undue assent, by the teacher's assiduously pointing out the true nature of these fables. In denying that teachers take any trouble of this kind, I am merely governed by my own experience. At the school where I was initiated in Greek and Latin, I cannot, at the distance of twenty years, recollect that the tutor ever expatiated upon the impossibility of the events related by Ovid, or ever cautioned the student against implicitly believing them; neither do I recollect any time when such cautions were necessary to the rectitude of my belief. There is, however, no difficulty in admitting that it is the duty of teachers to practise this caution, where necessary, and thus effectually to destroy *this* objection against the tendency of a learned education.

What I mean by an *anti-christian* tendency in classical learning, is merely its tendency to inspire a *belief* in the truth of the *adventures* and *attributes* of heathen divinities. Whatever has an *immoral*, may, in a certain sense, be said to have an *anti-christian* tendency; but I wish, at present, to keep these two considerations apart. Fables, which are known to be such, may, undoubtedly, deprave the imagination and the heart, as much as narratives every part of which is unquestionably true, and the Grecian fables may possibly possess this influence. Whether they do so or not we shall consider hereafter. At present, I wish only to enquire, whether they necessarily tend to inspire a belief in the received histories of the gods of Ida and Olympus. On this head I shall venture very confidently to affirm, that such belief can only exist in minds scarcely emerged from infancy; in minds which are at the same time crowded with chimeras furnished by every fabulous book that may be read, whether of foreign or native growth; that the views of such a mind are insensibly, but speedily and unavoidably, corrected by the usual forms of education in other respects; and that nothing is easier than for teachers to prevent these errors, at the very moment which exposes the young to imbibe them.

It is likewise evident that this objection supposes two things, neither of which are true. First, that a classical education only can introduce us to a knowledge of these fables, and next, that it introduces us to the knowledge of nothing else.

On the first head we must immediately perceive, that the danger of turning a pagan is just as incident to every one taught to read his native language, as to one obliged to study the languages of Greece and Rome. All the Greek and Roman poets and fabulists have been translated into English, and been clothed in the most familiar and engaging garb. However inferior in some other respects the translation may be to the original, it is certain that they are exactly equal in their tendency to engage the belief of the reader. The machinery of Homer and Virgil, and the marvellous of Sophocles and Ovid, are just as likely to gain credit as divine truths, by being surveyed in the language of Pope and Dryden, as in that of their original inventors. The bane is just as much unaccompanied with its antidote in one case as in the other.

Nor would it be sufficient to interdict the reader from all translations from the ancients, since such has been unluckily the usual forms of education, and the accessibility of these books, that all our original poets and fine writers are as prone to introduce these exploded deities to our reverend notice, as were ever those of Rome or Athens. We cannot take up any of our own poets, without finding perpetual allusions to the frolics, adventures, and influence of Cupid and Venus, and the muses. In the works of the three great bards, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, a greater number of references to the old mythology may be found, made too with all possible gravity, and exactly in the ancient

style and spirit, than in any three poets of antiquity. Milton, whose orthodoxy can hardly be questioned, had a particular attachment to Ovid, and has loaded even his sacred poem with endless mythological allusions.

In the next place, this objection implies that a classical education introduces us solely or chiefly to the achievements of fabulous divinities; that, though some books in the English language, either translations or originals, may familiarize us to the same images, yet that the original authors familiarize us only to these. Should it appear that there are many Greek and Roman authors, or at least writers in these languages, who expatiate on other topics than the personages and transactions of Olympic Heaven, it follows that these languages may be studied without any danger of the kind insisted on. It is true, that in certain seminaries, the pupil's attention may possibly be wholly limited to mythological tales, and the education of such seminaries is liable, perhaps, to this objection, and certainly to other objections quite as formidable as this; but unless the range of a Greek and Roman education be necessarily limited to these, this objection, when aimed at classical learning in general, is entirely groundless.

Now a true scholar will hardly forbear a smile, when he is told that ancient literature contains nothing but a serious commentary on the mythological system of antiquity. He whose principal school books, in both Greek and Latin, were the septuagint, the gospels, and epistles, and whose curiosity has chiefly applied the knowledge obtained at school, to the study of the christian theologians and historians, who flourished in the Roman empire, from Tiberius to Constantine, and wrote in the two languages of that empire, will hardly assent to this wild assertion. So far from believing that these languages contain nothing but the effusions of a pagan zeal and belief, they will be inclined to maintain that in them only are deposited the primitive records of christianity itself, and that in them only are to be found those books, by which the pagan system was assailed in a regular, argumentative manner. If, to engage the attention of the young, it was necessary to convey instruction in these languages, through the medium of poets and mythologists, these means were amply justified by the end in view; and the fleeting evils incidental to the choice of such means were inexpressibly outweighed, by the lasting and important benefits finally resulting from the knowledge thus acquired.

He who has studied the mechanism of human society, and the principles of human nature, in the copious writings of Livy, Tacitus, and Cicero; Plutarch, Polybius, Thucidides, and Xenophon; will be astonished to hear that the study of the Greek and Latin tongues merely tends to make us acquainted with the frolics of Pan, and the amours of Apollo. Such a student, though he can unravel all the causes by which the Romans first civilized mankind, may be an utter stranger to the birth place or pedigree of Venus, and may, so far from believing that Saturn devoured his children, be wholly ignorant where the feat was performed. He will regard such an objection pretty much as he would regard a foreigner who dissuaded his countryman from teaching his child English, because the language contained nothing but the childish tales of Caliban and Oberon, of Merlin and Arthur.

To the poet and critic, who, as such, are chiefly conversant with the poets of Greece and Rome, this objection will be more intelligible without being more valid. They will acknowledge that their reading sometimes lies among those who commemorate the exploits of gods and heroes, and they may absurdly imagine that classical learning consists wholly or chiefly of such narrations; but when you enquire into the degree of abstract faith which they attach to these chimeras, they

will probably laugh in your face. They read Homer and Virgil as they read Shakespeare and Spenser. They expatiate on the characters of Ajax and Hector, as on those of Lear and Othello. These names are connected, in their imagination, with a particular series of actions and qualities, and even with a certain set of speeches. The image is just as vivid and complete as if the poet had copied it from the life, but still their minds find not the smallest difficulty in distinguishing between the beings of history and the creatures of poetry.

If they be asked whether there was not a time when they fully believed what they read, they will probably allow the possibility of such a time, though they cannot recollect it. Children may be taught to read, and these books may come into their hands at a time when their judgments are so unformed and unenlightened, that the giants of Spenser, and the fairies of Shakespeare may appear to them real beings; but this period must be nearly infantile, and the notions that belonged to it can have no harbour in minds advanced to maturity.

So may the childish reader regard the stories of Ovid; but these chimeras, like those of gothic romance, if not dissipated by some friend or tutor, are sure to vanish of themselves, and to vanish so early that their existence does not remain even in the memory.

But let us for a moment consider how far the mere poetical reader is confined to reading strictly mythological. It immediately appears, that the only books entirely devoted to the ancient system of mythology, are one of Hesiod and one of Ovid. The other narrative and dramatic poets contain many allusions to that system, but their chief and regular topic is the private or political conduct of men. In this respect, they are altogether on a level with Shakespeare, whose scenes are chiefly thrown upon ages and nations that were wholly *pagan*, or wholly *roman catholic*. But who would ever dream that the protestantism of a modern reader was in danger from the religion of Shakespeare's characters.

But all the ancient poets are not, in any sense, mythological. The didactic pieces of Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and many others, may be liable to objections on the score of immorality, but to none on that of superstition. There is nothing in them adapted to make us worshippers of Venus or Jove. The dramas of Terence and Plautus suggest the same observation, and as to the only Greek comedian and dialogist, Aristophanes and Lucian, whose works have reached us, they write for the express purpose of throwing ridicule and disbelief upon the prevalent religion. Their works were the best antidotes that could be found in any language to religious faith in the opinions of their countrymen.

I am well aware, that objections, wholly inapplicable to the ancient languages in general, may possibly be just with regard to certain modes of teaching these languages. If a teacher should confine his pupil's attention entirely to Ovid's Metamorphoses, or Hesiod's Theogony, and at the same time carefully guard his mind, not from believing, but from *dis*believing the tales they contain, I should consider him as highly culpable, and as not only busily perverting his pupil's judgment, but as wholly neglecting the professed purpose of instructing him in Greek and Roman literature. I may be a masterly proficient in this literature, without getting by heart any part of Tooke's Pantheon. I may have by rote the works of Cicero and Livy, of Plutarch and Polybius, while I am wholly unacquainted with the divine pedigree of Achilles or Æneas. I may even attain a general knowledge of mythological tales, but merely for the purpose of illustrating the manners of the human beings, whose characters and history form the principal topic of my regard. The machinery of Homer and Virgil may occupy as small a

space in my mind's eye, as they do in the works of these authors. My attention may be directed to Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses, and not to Mars or Pallas; to Dido and Turnus, and not to Neptune and Venus. As to regulate my studies in this manner, and duly discipline my belief, is perfectly easy to the master, so it may truly be said to be his duty, and the censure we pass upon those who violate their duty in this respect, so far from implying any fault in classical learning, is directly drawn from its excellence, which renders the misconduct of tutors the more glaring and unjustifiable.

I do not mean to enter into a defence of the established modes of education; I am not sufficiently acquainted with them to weigh their merits; I only know the grammar school in which I was taught laid no particular stress upon the history of Olympus; that the principal school books were the New Testament in Greek and Latin; and of the Attic and Augustan writers, Xenophon and Lucian, Sallust and Cicero, were the great objects of our study: and sure I am, that Greek and Latin scholarship, properly understood, is more friendly to the christian than to any other religion, considering religion historically.

To judge how far grammar schools in general are liable to censure on this account, it will be only necessary to remember, that the directors of such seminaries are almost universally, in all christian countries, clergymen; that the clerical office is united with the preceptorial, by the regular performance of some branch of divine service in the school; that some religious instruction is always made to go hand in hand with classical lessons; and that as Latin and Greek were as much the languages of Greeks and Romans after they became christian as before, these dialects are as much taught through the medium of christian books as of pagan ones. The consequences have been, that the most pious and orthodox divines have been eminent classical scholars; that even the most learned compilers and expositors of the pagan mythology, have, at the same time, been famous for christian piety and erudition.

From the general inference, that in this age, none but a child or a madman can be a sincere convert to paganism, your correspondent takes refuge in the examples of Hume, Smith, Gibbon, Godwin, and Taylor. As to the last of these, Taylor, the man's philosophy, as well as his religion, bears as strong a stamp of insanity as could be found in the ravings of the most arrant Bedlamite; but I must be allowed to smile when this writer places Hume, Smith, Gibbon, and Godwin in the same rank with Taylor, and with converts to paganism. From the writings of these men, he tells us, that passages may be selected, which show their partiality to paganism, if not their belief of it.

The truth is, that these well known writers were not only disbelievers of the christian religion, but they also denied its moral or beneficial efficacy on the state of mankind in society. They degraded the christian faith to the same vague and traditionary standard as the pagan. Both systems were in their apprehension equally discordant and absurd; but distinguishing between the *truth* and the *utility* of theological systems, they profess to believe in the superior utility of the pagan, or rather in the superior mischievousness of the christian doctrines. This is the only inference which common sense can deduce from any of their writings.

So far is the example of these men from outweighing the example of the *many millions*, who, for the last thousand years, have studied Greek and Latin, without renouncing, for any perceptible period of their lives, the christian religion, that it corroborates the orthodox tendency of such an education; for Hume, Godwin, Smith, Gibbon, and Taylor, did not renounce christianity, nor become

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The truth is, that these well known writers were not only disbelievers of the christian religion, but they also denied its moral or beneficial efficacy on the state of mankind in society. They degraded the christian faith to the same vague and traditionary standard as the pagan. Both systems were in their apprehension equally discordant and absurd; but distinguishing between the *truth* and the *utility* of theological systems, they profess to believe in the superior utility of the pagan, or rather in the superior mischievousness of the christian doctrines. This is the only inference which common sense can deduce from any of their writings.

So far is the example of these men from outweighing the example of the *many millions*, who, for the last thousand years, have studied Greek and Latin, without renouncing, for any perceptible period of their lives, the christian religion, that it corroborates the orthodox tendency of such an education; for Hume, Godwin, Smith, Gibbon, and Taylor, did not renounce christianity, nor become

complaisant to paganism, till they arrived at a mature age. In doing this, they acted contrary to all infantile and juvenile prejudices; and all the impressions of the grammar school and college were obliterated before they became heretics or infidels. Godwin was trained a clergyman, and performed, for some time, the duties of that office. Gibbon was even a convert to the roman catholic faith before he became a kind of semi-pagan. Hume's notions on theology were, in like manner, the fruit not of the school but the closet; and as to Taylor, his singularities are so great as to afford no rule by which to judge of mankind in general. His paganism, however, was contracted long after he had passed the scholastic age, and his brain was first bewildered, not by Homer and Ovid, for whose splendid visions he had neither comprehension nor relish, but by the metaphysical jargon of the later Platonists; of philosophers, who, through envy of their christian adversaries, preposterously embraced the tenets of their master, not as theoretical deductions, but as religious truths.

Your correspondent has produced a passage from Gibbon, in support of his assertions. The historian is relating the conversion of Julian to paganism, a conversion which he imputes to an intimate acquaintance with the literature of Greece, though Julian, by the same account, was trained a christian till he was twenty years of age, and consequently his earliest impressions were unfriendly to paganism.

The obvious inferences from this passage are, that, in Gibbon's opinion, the submission of Gallus to his christian teachers, evinced an understanding *dull* and *obstinate*, while Julian's dissent from their authority proved him endowed with an independent and liberal spirit. These inferences accord sufficiently with Gibbon's well known contempt of the christian system, whose tenets were, in his opinion, even more absurd than the fictions of paganism. When he talks of the Olympic deities imprinting themselves on the least superstitious minds, and tells us that our familiar knowledge of their names and characters bestows on these *airy* beings a real and substantial existence, and produces a momentary and imperfect assent of the imagination, he talks somewhat vaguely and obscurely. If he meant no more than a general observation, that the magic of poetry gives the same kind of existence in our minds to Mars and Jupiter, as to Oberon and Caliban, we can readily believe him; but if he means to insinuate, that we have, to any degree, or in any manner, a *superstitious* faith in their existence, he surely speaks without the smallest warrant from experience. By introducing the remark in this place, it should seem as if he meant thus to account for Julian's return to paganism. But this is a notion in the highest degree injudicious and unphilosophical, since the christian education he received must have given a bias similar to that of Gallus, whose *dulness* and *obstinacy* were at least as honourable as the levity, caprice, folly, and credulity of his brother.

When I insist upon the impossibility of a man of liberal education, in a christian country, believing in paganism, I reason not from the inherent nonsense of the pagan system, but from the irresistible influence of education and example. It is well known, that this influence is sufficient to make men, otherwise sage and perspicuous, bestow their faith upon tenets as wild and chimerical as any that paganism knows, as well as to deny their faith to the clearest demonstrations. In the days of Julian, more than half the subjects of the empire were pagans. When Julian, therefore, embraced that system, he only fell down with the strongest current. He embraced the faith of his fathers, and that of the more numerous, and, speaking with respect to the accomplishments of education, the more enlightened portion of his subjects. In the present times, paganism is entirely,

among civilized Europeans, exploded. It possesses none of that intrinsic evidence or probability which might fit it to contend with the reigning systems, which are enforced by the whole power of education and example. Its fictions, when addressed naked to the mind of childhood, may obtain, like the visions of Arabian tales, a fleeting assent, but this assent is without influence or duration. When men come to chuse a religion, and to select their principles of action, they never dream of weighing the evidence on which the worship of Jupiter or obedience to Mahomet is founded. The prevailing sects of their own country or age engross their attention, and when they have decided between these, they imagine they have decided between truth and falsehood.

A child's assent to mythological stories is of a kind very different from his belief in the similar chimeras of ghosts, fairies, and goblins, because the latter have a kind of local habitation in his neighbourhood, and are enforced by his nurses and companions, and by the general belief of the vulgar. The old mythology, on the contrary, is found only in books, which, if read at schools, are read as tasks, and the belief which they inspire, is wholly unsupported by his elders. They vanish from his fancy the moment he lays down a book, and never, will I venture to say, have they excited even a momentary assent of a *superstitious* nature.

Even in the flourishing ages of Rome and Greece, it is well known that the popular religion was for the most part the religion of the vulgar and ignorant. The philosophers trampled on these tenets in their closets, and ridiculed them in their lessons, though no doubt, through the influence of popular example and early impressions, they gave an occasional and superstitious assent to them, as we in the present age are accustomed to do to the dreams of goblins and ghosts. In the time of Julian, this philosophical spirit had degenerated into a spirit of rivalship with christianity, and the Romans were divided into christians, and such as absurdly supposed there was no medium between Jove and Christ. That Julian adopted this absurdity, and would be a pagan because he would not be a christian, only proves a narrow and sordid spirit, and no wise congenial with that of the great masters of Grecian philosophy and literature. The natural effect of the study of the sages, orators, and historians of Athens, is directly opposite to pagan superstition; and as to the poets, this sage emperor adopted for sacred truths, chimeras which the poets had employed as mere instruments of refined entertainment.

So much for the idolatrous tendency of classical education: its influence upon morals and happiness I will, with your leave, undertake to consider on a future occasion.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE LIFE AND MINOR POEMS OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

Jaud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi.

JUVENAL.

IN reading the history of some of the most meritorious literary characters, we find, in the treatment they and their works have received, much to regret and pity; and the difficulty with which they rise into deserved notice, when depressed by poverty, has formed the melancholy subject of many an essay. The man in whom genius and poverty are united, at his onset in life, is more likely to be miserable than otherwise. His feelings are delicately sensible, and his ideas do not often comport with his situation. He wishes the productions of his pen to be wafted by fame into the notice of the world, and at the same time has to receive from this source his

means of subsistence. When this is the case, how mortifying and painful is his situation, if he finds those writings, which he expected would raise his reputation and support him, unnoticed and unregarded! 'Twas thus with the tender plaintive Collins: his "*oriental eclogues*," elegant as they are, met with a cool reception, and his "*odes, descriptive and allegorical*," experienced such neglect, that their author, in a fit of indignation, committed the whole impression to the flames. The genius of the unfortunate *Otway* could not preserve him from the most deplorable want, neither could that of *Savage* keep him from dying in a prison, nor that of *Chatterton* avert the sad catastrophe which terminated his life.

But if we search all the records of literary history, an instance could not be cited of a man who experienced such unmerited neglect from his country, as Luis de Camoens, justly named the Portuguese Homer. Those writers before-mentioned derived their merit solely from their compositions, but Camoens had also conferred honour on his country as a soldier and a hero. In Africa he had fought for her bravely, and deserved the brightest laurels. He there lost one of his eyes in an engagement, and on his return was unable to obtain any reward for his services. He then went to India, and, after enduring various hardships, came back to his country poor and friendless. He wrote the Lusiad, which, when published, was received with honour; but it gained him only a temporary advantage, and his latter days were spent in poverty the most abject, and wretchedness the most absolute. He was supported by the fidelity of his slave Antonio, who, by begging alms, obtained the only subsistence given to this sublime poet. Unfortunate *Camoens!* who deserved so much, and who received so little from thy country! though neglected during life, thy name has now become familiar among those who can duly estimate thy worth, and pity thy misfortunes. Thy courage as a soldier, and thy genius as a poet are acknowledged by all who possess taste or judgment, and the emotions excited in feeling hearts are those of sorrow and pity, on the recollection of thy unworthy fate.

The lives of many seem to be only a successive series of unhappiness. One trouble follows so closely after another, that they can scarcely be said to have experienced any thing like pleasure. Such was the lot of *Camoens:* his great susceptibility of love was a source of many sorrows. The first time he experienced its power, the severity of his mistress kept him in a state of doubt and distraction, and the ardency of his passion caused him to act so imprudently, that he was banished from court, and from her presence who was the cause of it. When afterwards he had obtained a confession of mutual passion from her, he departed for Africa, and, by his conspicuous bravery while there, obtained a recal. He returned with all the impatience of love, only to be appalled by an account of the death of her who was the chief source of his delight, and the fondest object of his wishes. And when we see him in all the future scenes of his life, we must indeed acknowledge, that his allotted portion of misery was large, and his burthen grievous.

His minor poems have lately been brought into notice, by an elegant translation of them from the pen of an English nobleman. Few collections of its size are so generally calculated to please as this, which contains not one poem destitute of merit. Love is the subject of most of them, and he sings like one who had been powerfully affected by its influence, as may be discerned in the following.

Canst thou forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee?
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which scatter'd o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eye
Unless to dream of thee;
My every breath is but the sigh,
My every sound the broken cry
Of lasting misery.

O when in boyhood's happier scene
I pledg'd my love to thee,
How very little did I ween,
My recompense would now have been
So much of misery!

The subsequent lines are highly affecting, and feelingly describe the situation of their hapless author.

My cradle was the couch of care,
And Sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of happiness,
Which hover'd round intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven.

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave.

Few poems could be pointed out more tender and expressive than this.

How sprightly were the roundelays
I sang in Love's beginning days!
—Now, alas! I but deplore
Death of all that blest before.

Then my heart was in its prime
('Twas affection's budding-time!)
—It is broken now, and knows
One sense only—sense of woes!

Joy was whilom dash'd with ill,
Yet my songs were cheerful still;
—They were like the captive's strains,
Chaunted to the sound of chains!

This sonnet was written on the death of Donna Caterina de Ataide, the first object of his affections.

Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smil'd the hours away,
Those braids of light that sham'd the beams of day,
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
Those virgin cheeks which did so late appear
Like snow banks scatter'd with the blooms of May,
Turn'd to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone, for ever gone, and perish'd here,
—But not unbath'd by memory's warmest tear!
Death! thou has torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given;
Love saw the deed—and as he linger'd near,
Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to heav'n.

It was on the morning of Camoens' departure from court, whence he had been banished, that his mistress first confessed her affection for him, so long concealed. His raptures may easily be conceived, and on this occasion he composed the following.

I whisper'd her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss;
Cold show'rs of sorrow bath'd her eyes,
And her poor heart was torn with sighs;
Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I knew
Most perfect bliss.—

For love, at other times suppress'd
Was all betray'd at this:
I saw him weeping in her eyes,
I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,
And every sob which shook her breast
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sigh which keen affection clears,
How can it judge amiss?
To me it pictur'd hope; and taught
My spirit this consoling thought,
That love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss.

Of the whole of these poems, "the general characteristic," says lord Strangford, "is ease; not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the charming simplicity of a Grecian muse;" and whether their author ever indulged the hope himself or not, certain it is, that he will be admired by ages yet to come, and every emotion of honest indignation, of sorrow and regret, which arises on the recollection of his history, will serve as an expiatory sacrifice to his manes, and cause us to contemn that people who were so regardless of his sufferings.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

THE origin of language is a subject which has engaged the attention of many distinguished men. To those who are fond of transporting the imagination to the first rude periods of society, and delight in tracing the gradual rise and progress of this wonderful art, the writings of Monboddo, Harris, Adam Smith, and Horne Tooke, must be familiar. Nothing can be more interesting than the conjectural speculations, or theoretical histories as they have been called, of the two last writers; but I do not recollect to have read any history of the origin and formation of surnames. Except dean Swift's ironical discourse concerning the antiquity of the English tongue, I know of no essay on the origin of the names of persons.

Many of the observations in Smith's ingenious Essay on the Origin of Language may be applied to the origin of surnames. The assignation of particular words to denote particular trades, probably was the first step in giving names to the different members of a civilized community. Accordingly we find nouns substantive, and the names of trades and occupations to be the most common and most universal. The next most obvious source of surnames is from the most familiar surrounding objects, as animals, birds, fish, and vegetables. Another class and assortment of names seems to have been formed from the peculiar quality of any object, and the relation in which it stands to other things: hence the common names of the different colours, metals, points of the compass, &c. Those things which are visible objects, appear to furnish another class of surnames; and the various compounds of these have afforded no inconsiderable addition to the list. The invention of a numerous class of surnames, from the christian name and the term *son* being joined together, was probably of recent date when compared with the other distinctions. Six grand divisions may thus be made, and the names of persons may be derived, 1. From the ordinary employments of men. 2. From the animal and vegetable kingdoms. 3. From the peculiar quality of some objects. 4. From the titles of some things in common use. 5. From the obvious or whimsical combinations of familiar words employed in ordinary discourse; and lastly, from the addition of the word *son* to the termination of the christian names.

As far as I can judge, most of the common names of persons may be thus satisfactorily classed. The subject is curious and entertaining, and might be rendered more so, by collecting the most familiar surnames in our language, and by comparing these with the vulgar names of persons in France, Germany, and other countries. The numerous and diversified names of different people might be traced perhaps to a few simple elements as their source.

The following are a few examples of the classification suggested of

names which have reached my notice:

1. *Trades and Occupations.*

Barber
Butcher
Baker
Brewer
Cook
Cooper
Chandler
Carpenter
Carter
Clerk
Fowler
Fisher
Fuller
Farmer
Glover
Gardener
Gilder
Goldsmith
Hunter
Harper
Mason
Miller
Merchant
Painter
Potter
Porter
Planter
Ploughman
Slater
Smith
Sawyer
Shepherd
Slaughterer
Sailor
Seaman
Shoemaker
Stamper
Skinner
Taylor
Turner
Thatcher
Woodman
Waterman
Wright
Weaver
&c.

2. *Animals.*

Bull
Bullock
Buck
Beaver
Doe
Hart
Grub
Hog
Fox
Kid
Cat
Lion
Leach
Pig
Hobby
Lamb
Ram
Roebuck
Rabbit
Squirrel
Otter
Wolf
&c.

3. *Birds.*

Bird
Cock
Capon
Crowe
Coote
Duck
Drake
Goose
Gosling
Eagle
Lark
Martin
Swallow
Peacock
Rook
Raven
Robin
Hawk
Falcon
Nightingale
Sparrow
Swan
Partridge
Dove
Finch
Goldsmith
Jay
Parrot
Quail
Woodcock
Wren
&c.

Fish.

Salmon
Codd
Mackerell
Sturgeon
Roach
Pike
Whale
&c.

Vegetables.

Ash
Apple
Appletree
Beech
Bean
Birch
Broom
Cress
Elder
Oak
Pepper
Primrose
Plumtree
Flower
Rose
Rush
Reed
Wheat
Wood
&c.

3. *Colours, &c.*

Brown
Black
Grey
Green
Scarlet
White
Copper
Gold
Silver
Steel
East
West
North
South

4. *Things.*

Buckle
Boot
Bee-hive
Bell
Beer
Berry
Box
Bond
Barn
Ball
Coal
Curb
Hood
Head
Hill
Heath
Dale
Day
Fountain
Rice
Stone
Sheaff
Scull
River
Kettle
Hedge
Kirk
Leg
Latch
Lake
Kitchen
Parlour
Park
Hall
Mitten
Pen
Grove
Mountain

Chalk	Hand
Ginger	&c.

5. Compound Names.

Allchin	Gotobed
Blackwell	Goforth
Blackburn	Gathercoal
Blackman	Ironside
Birdwhistle	Janeway
Churchyard	Mansfield
Drinkwater	Moneypenny
Drinkmilk	Overall
Suckteat	Otterway
Fairweather	Rakestraw
Merryweather	Hitchcock
Hailstone	Allcock
Featherstone	Redwood
Weatherstone	Redman
Freeman	Crawfoot
Fairchild	Ramsbottom
Hogsflesh	Nettletop
Pigfat	Strawbridge
Philpot	Sunlighten
Strangeways	Shufflebottom
Killpatrick	Pennefeather
Lovejoy	Greensides
Lightfoot	Cruikshanks
Proudfoot	Longshanks
Lightbody	Sheepshanks
Heavyside	Forepaugh
Littlewood	Hindleg
Smallwood	Longsides
Underwood	Longears
Archdeacon	Smallbones
Armstrong	Greymill
Strongi'th'arm	Younghusbands
Goodfellow	Waterfall
Goodbehere	Wellbeloved
Goodenough	Whitehead
Toogood	Whitehill
Elsegood	Hemphill
Scattergood	Hillhouse
Seaborn	Greenleaf
Allwine	&c.

6. Christian Names compounded.

Johnson	Dickson
Tomson	Peterson
Jackson	Pierson
Robinson	Nicholson
Robertson	Nickson
Robson	Jameson
Wilson	Jacobson
Williamson	Benson
Harrison	Hughson or
Hodgson	Hewson
Richardson	&c.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. VII.

Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori. VIR.

THE passion of love, and its influence on society, have been as minutely canvassed by theorists as any subject that could be mentioned, and the ideas which it suggests to them are so different from the feelings of the practical lover, that it would be difficult to distinguish any resemblance between them. The man yet untouched by this passion is inclined to despise its power, and supposes that those violent effects, which he often sees it produce in others, discover a weak and irresolute mind. Hence he views with contempt and pity, one whom he discerns a slave to its influence. He sometimes views the purest, the most romantic lover tyrannised over by a conceited coquet, and sometimes jilted by a mercenary mistress. He sees his peace of mind destroyed, now by unrequited affection, and now by a more favoured lover. He sees him so blinded as to be utterly insensible to the failings of his fair one, though never so plain to each one else; and also sees him regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, endeavouring to persuade him from a match which they know can only tend to unhappiness. He goes on headlong to consummate his wishes as his evil genius directs him, and the natural consequence is, that his remaining days are embittered with sorrow. At one time he is captivated by a *shrew* violent as *Catharine*, and unhappily finds himself by no means as successful in *taming* her as *Pe-*

*truchio**; at another by a handsome fool who is incapable of enjoying any rational pleasure.

That love should have so extraordinary an influence on many is an indisputable truth; and that all the enchanting prospects of bliss which it creates are never realised, is a melancholy one no less certain. All the ecstatic enjoyment which we may suppose to have been the promised portion of Adam and his consort in their terrestrial paradises, do not exceed those which many lovers expect to attend them through life, and as every day discloses vexations and disappointments to their view, it often happens that the career which began with enthusiastic love and ardour, closes amidst discontent and discord. The cause of this is obvious: their minds become soured by the defeat of their hopes, and the miscarriage of their expectations, and they begin to reproach each other for their faults and frailties, to which they are inclined to attribute their ill success; and where love was in the onset the most violent, it is frequently found to be the least productive of felicity.

Romantic love has caused men to do many foolish things, but I imagine it would be difficult to prove it ever occasioned them to do a wise one. It has excited them to deeds of heroism, or rather madness, which reason disavows, and which they themselves, when the first transports of passion are over, must confess were imprudent. Indeed in the opinion of some, love and wisdom should not at any time come in contact with each other; for Cowley observes

> I could not *love* I'm sure
> One who in love were wise;

and his opinion is daily re-echoed by numbers.

The writings of former days are copious in examples of romantic passion. The powerful charms of beauty have been felt since the creation; and from the days of *Paris* and of *Helen* to those of Petrarch and Laura, and from thence to the present time, its effects have as often been lamented as rejoiced at. Though I know of no instance since that of the former, where it has caused the destruction of cities and thousands of lives, yet instances of peace of mind destroyed, of prospects of happiness blasted, and of reason undermined by its influence, may be cited without numbers.—To love, says Shakespeare,

> —Is to be made all of sighs and tears;
> It is to be made all of faith and service;
> It is to be all made of fantasy,
> All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
> All adoration, duty, and obedience;
> All humbleness, all patience, all impatience,
> All purity, all trial, all observance.
> *As You Like It.*

It is acknowledged by all who have studied human nature, that no human enjoyment or aim which we propose to attain, is without something to subtract from its delight; and if we trace it through all its operations in the mind, whether it have its origin from good or bad suggestions, whether self is its predominating and prominent feature, or whether its design is the benefit of thousands, it is alike obnoxious to many obstructions, and many abatements of its expected gratifications. 'Tis thus with Love, whose operations all feel at one time or other, and which nature intended should make happy the whole family of mankind, but which man alone of all the wide creation essays to win return to, by prayers, by sighs, and tears*. Ye who have traced a coquet through all the mazes in which she leads a foolish fond lover, who have seen the delight with which she perplexes and torments him, the pleasure with which she keeps him in a state of uncertainty with respect to her

* Shakespeare's comedy of "Catharine and Petruchio, or the Taming of the Shrew," is here alluded to.

* Bayley.

affections, and the deliberation and coolness with which she will captivate his affections when she means not to return them; you can best answer what disagreeable sensations are caused by that passion, which is closest entwined around the human heart.

Coquetry, even at first view, appears in itself as detestable; it takes so much from the amiableness of woman, it discovers such a want of principle and so great a degree of selfishness, of folly, and of cruelty, that we might suppose "that to be hated it need only to be seen."—When the unfortunate Otway described woman in all the glowing colours which could be painted by a mind enraptured by their charms, and wound up to the height of poetical enthusiasm; when Otway, I say, wrote the following lines he thought not of that foible which is ascribed with so much justice to many of the fair sex.

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
Venice Preserved.

To a finished coquet not one of these lines can with any propriety be applied. To an *angel* she bears no likeness, for pride, disingenuity, and selfishness characterize her; and in opposition to the next line (the 4th) there can be nothing in her, except beauty, which has any existence in "*heaven;*" for if she possesses that, "*purity and truth, eternal joy, and everlasting love*" are things which she is unacquainted with.

Yet after all, *love*, the subject of the philosopher's meditation, and burthen of the poet's song, must be granted to be the source of the purest, the most permanent, and most worthy of our enjoyments. Woman, as above described, is surely calculated to make man happy; and as such I view the majority of the sex, for coquetry and vanity, which make so terrible havoc in the breasts where they dwell, gain a superior influence (comparatively) in few*. Love is a tie which holds society together in the most indissoluble manner, and marriage, with mutual affection for its basis, by far the most probable situation in which content and comfort may be found, though it never was, nor never will be, so creative of bliss as it is painted by modern novelists, or by the enthusiastic *Thomson*, with all the embellishments of elegant poetry.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF DIBDIN, THE FAMOUS SONG-WRITER.

IT has been remarked by Dr. Johnson, that, much as we may lament the ravages of death, "nobody is missed:" perhaps it may with not less truth be asserted, that, while living, no one can draw to himself

* The universality of love is happily conceived and elegantly described by Lewis, in his tragedy of Alfonso.

There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in ocean,
But lives to love! for when the Great Unknown
Parted the elements, and out of chaos
Form'd this fair world with one blest, blessing word,
That word was love! Angels with golden clarions
Prolong'd in heavenly strains the heavenly sound;
The mountain echoes caught it; the four winds
Spread it rejoicing over the world of waters;
And since that hour, in forest or by fountain,
On hill or moor, whate'er be nature's song,
LOVE is her theme, LOVE, UNIVERSAL LOVE!
Act 1st.

any extensive and permanent regard. Those individuals, of which the great multitude is composed, are too closely occupied with their own narrow and selfish pursuits, to think much or long of the interest or fame of others; hence the exertions of merit, as well as the displays of vanity, attract only a transient notice; and appeals to the public, however ingeniously managed, are more frequently a source of mortification than of triumph. Complaining, like begging, is no prepossessing mode of introduction; and he must have better luck than commonly falls to the share of mortals, who obtains respect by detailing his grievances and mortifications. Experience and knowledge of the world should teach us how soon the generous emotions of our nature are stifled by those of an opposite tendency, and how little genuine social virtue constitutes the cement of what is called society. The social system, as a combination of selfishness, is easily understood; and the different respect which is paid to the rich and to the poor, to the prosperous and to the unfortunate, sufficiently explains the nature of the friendship of mankind.

Men of genius and creative talents, who have contributed to amuse their fellow-creatures, are apt to suppose that they can arrest the general tide of selfishness in its course, and fix the public attention on their destiny: but, in most attempts of this kind, they over-rate their own consequence, even in the estimation of their admirers; they forget the observation of lord Orford, that "the best parts of authors are their works;" and that it does not follow, because they have written to please, that the world is solicitous to learn the ordinary occurrences of their lives.

Mr. Dibdin, for thus he denominates himself, and as he is also styled by others, in a late history of himself, may well presume upon his notoriety, and justly imagine that the English world, wherever it is placed, will feel some interest in his memoirs. This famous song-writer is well known on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Dibdin does not enumerate all the circumstances of his life, but confines himself, for the most part, to his professional employments and undertakings. This indefatigable lyric poet does not tell us when he was born, nor does he afford many dates through the whole of his narrative; but he states that he was the son of a silversmith at Southampton, a man of considerable credit in that city.

Young men, says he, thrown upon the world, are straws in a torrent, as it hastens to the ocean: some are precipitated to the bottom, others driven out to sea, and others, returned by the eddy, rest in tranquillity from the general tumult. No young man was ever more completely in this situation than Dibdin; and if, by repeated struggles, he has at length purchased a little quiet, he has, perhaps, more to thank chance than his prudence. That he gained the eddy was owing to an insatiate thirst for information, which acted as an impetus on his mind from infancy, and which could not have been indulged had he sailed down the current of ordinary life.

Impulsive, however, as this desire of knowledge was, he never could do more than one thing at a time, and that is the reason, perhaps, that he has done so much. Music was his supreme delight; it possessed and engrossed him, nor would his mind admit of any thing else, at least materially, till he had fully accomplished all that he found necessary for his purpose; and thus it happened, that, though his father intended him for the church, and he suffered the common imposition of what is usually called education, it was rather like something laid by for future, than intended for immediate use. His darling passion for music was also fed fortuitously. He had, when a boy, a remarkable good voice, and therefore not only cut a great figure at the college and the cathedral, at Winchester, where he sung anthems, but the concert

rooms, at the races and the assizes, echoed with his vocal fame.

A weekly subscription concert was, in great measure on this account, established, at which the instrumental performers were principally clergymen, as well as the subscribers, which latter were of the dignified kind. Dr. Eden, the archdeacon, a man of great suavity, and most winning manners, and whose kindness and advice to him, though he was then but twelve years old, were always afforded; Dr. Hoadley, the chancellor, whose beneficence dignified him a thousand times more than his situation, or his being the son of a bishop: these, and many other gentlemen, among whom were the Biddulphs, Mr. Cornwall, colonel Cæsar, and a long list of residents in the vicinity of Winchester, were among the number of the subscribers.

Mr. Ashe, Madge Cotton, the brother of him who travestied Virgil, and a list of other beneficed clergymen in the neighbourhood, composed the band, and Dibdin was the principal singer. Being thus employed, and banded about at the houses of almost all the prebends in the close, and now and then stolen away by the officers at the camp, he had but little leisure, and indeed inclination, to make any thing but music his study; and if he had not been rejected, on account of his youth, when he put up for an organist's place at Waltham, in Hampshire, it is not impossible but he should have been obliged to content himself with thirty pounds a year, an annual concert, and snacking his profits, as a teacher, with the governess of a country boarding-school.

While inquiring for another vacancy, his brother, a very celebrated seaman, the particulars of whose life he has faithfully recounted, under the name of captain Higgins, in his novel of Hannah Hewet, gave him a most hearty invitation to London, and assured him he would certainly provide for him to his entire satisfaction. His fortune was now made, as it has been since very frequently, in idea. To town he came; visited all the churches; fell in love with extempore playing; soon learned to handle *Moll Peatley*, *Bobbin Joan*, and *Lilabullero*, in a voluntary; and, little as such a circumstance may be suspected, by favour of a deputy-organist, he often played the congregation out of church, at St. Brides, before he was sixteen years old.

A man of Dibdin's musical talents and fertile invention soon found his way to the theatres; he breakfasted with Beard, dined with Rich, and hence began his dramatical career. The reader will not be unamused in following him in his account of his engagements and disagreements with Mr. Garrick, and afterwards with Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden; to enter into the particulars of his planning the circus at Blackfriar's bridge, and subsequently quarrelling with Hughes and Grimaldi; to attend him to Exeter-change, the Lyceum, and Leicester-square, where he stood alone, without the aid or embarassment of partnership; to pursue him in his country excursions, in which he bitterly complains of the difficulties and rebuffs which he sustained, on being considered as an impostor, or as the personator of himself, and not the real Mr. Dibdin; and at last to trace him to a music-shop. This part of his life has not been of the most prosperous nature, for he remarks it as "a curious trait in his fortune, that he has met with men whose minds were full of depravity, and who were alike strangers to justice and humanity."

If, however, Mr. Dibdin has been unfortunate, he has not been idle. He has written, in the course of his life, exclusive of entertainments at Sans Souci, nearly seventy dramatic pieces, of different kinds, besides having set to music fifteen or sixteen, the productions of other writers. In the whole of those invented and brought forward by him, are included more than nine hundred songs, a number not again to be found in the English language.

Though the songs which he has written and composed have amounted to a number that could not be believed, but for the chapter-and-verse proof of it given in his narrative, yet they have employed, comparatively, a very small portion of his time. The same impulse that inspired the words has generally given birth to the music; and those that are the most celebrated, have been produced with the least trouble. He begun and completed the Sailor's Journal in half an hour; and thirty of his most noted songs did not take in the writing and composing more than three quarters of an hour each.

Upon this mode of calculation, giving the most extensive allowance of time for those songs, which, from the nature of their subjects, and manner of treating them, required longer consideration, a circumstance, by the way, that always incurs the risk of coldness and formality, no one of his *entertainments* took more than a month in perfecting it; and, therefore, as he was accustomed to do something every day, the mystery will be easily solved how he has fabricated so much; which fact, as it has been generally considered to consist of more than any one man could accomplish, has generated the idea, that, like eminent engravers, he sold his name to what did not belong to him.

By the way, it is curious to observe the circumstances by which the nature and number of an author's productions are almost always regulated. By the *nature*, I do not mean the genius or the value, for this is by no means affected by the circumstance of *voluntary* or *involuntary* with which any work is composed. Experience proves that real genius is a fund on which the possessor's indolence is always unwilling to draw, but which as readily obeys the call of necessity as of choice, and is in its nature quite inexhaustible. As in physical bodies the powers of sensual production are never put forth to the utmost, so the faculty of intellectual creation is scarcely ever exerted in the thousandth degree as much as it is capable of being. Shakespeare and Johnson wrote not for their own amusement, but to obtain pecuniary emolument. The same may be said of Goldini and Metastasio, of Moliere and Racine. It excites, perhaps, no very lively emotion of gratitude and joy, that if Dibdin had not written professionally, as it were, we should have wanted his nine hundred songs and seventy dramas, but we must surely feel extreme regret that some such circumstances had not extorted *nine hundred* odes and elegies from Gray, instead of *half a dozen*, and *seventy* tragedies, instead of *forty*, from Shakespeare.

Many of the most attractive of Dibdin's compositions, and especially his sea songs, have become generally known. Though these sea songs have been so numerous, he complains that they have not procured him a single public compliment from the navy, and that his place of performance has not been chosen as the scene of any acclamation for naval victories. It would afford real satisfaction to find the scene of Mr. Dibdin's fortune brighten towards the conclusion of his work: but though he takes his leave of the reader satisfied with the review of the past, he does not yet appear to have obtained a comfortable independence for the future.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. LII.

"THE FIRST" CONCLUDED.

Story of Tirtentio.

TIRTENTIO was a young man, whose prospects in life were extremely promising. His integrity, industry, and general worth had gained him many friends, and a considerable capital. Thus supported,

his concerns proceeded in a prosperous manner for a considerable time. Increasing wealth, however, awakened in his mind a very common and very pernicious inclination, that of dwelling in a house whose appearance would convey an adequate idea of the wealth of the proprietor. Without reflecting on the consequences, it was purchased, and without any injury to his professional prosperity. But he soon made a new discovery: he found that the occupation of a large and magnificent mansion required the possession of splendid and costly furniture, more domestics, and, generally, a more expensive establishment.

Tirtentio was alarmed. He found that the profits of his business were scarcely sufficient to furnish him with the means of support; the complexion of his affairs had entirely changed; scarcely could he believe it possible. Formerly he had lived unnoticed, except as a worthy man; independently, but not luxuriously; frugally, but not meanly. His visitors were then principally persons whose pursuits resembled his own; the rich, the great, and the gay passed his house as undistinguished among the dwellings of obscurity. Happy obscurity, kind neglect for him! for then order and economy reigned in his habitation, and peace blessed its inmates; contentment lulled him to rest, and health awakened him to enjoyment.

Now his manner of living made his dwelling a desirable resort for the gay, the idle, and the dissipated; those, who had before passed him unnoticed, now treated him with deceitful expressions of respect, and the most flattering attentions, and, while they enjoyed the abundance his table afforded, inwardly laughed at the extravagance of the owner. His visits abroad had increased with the means of extending them; the affairs of his family were consequently neglected; his dwelling had become the scene of extravagance and disorder; he was no longer able to pay that attention to his profession, which had distinguished him in the earlier part of his life; the agents to whom it was entrusted became negligent, like their employer; in short, he found himself on the high road to a state of poverty, mortification, and disgrace.

All these ills had arisen from one inconsiderate action. Nor was Tirtentio insensible to their cause. He now resolved to return to his former habits, and therefore again attended to the duties of his profession with his former assiduity; he put a stop to the irregularities of those he employed, and stimulated them to laudable exertion by his own example.

But this was doing but little: it was lopping a tree, which would afterwards increase in double proportion. He ought to have struck at the root, and deprived it of every chance of future vegetation; he ought to have retrenched his expences, instead of endeavouring to increase his income. This measure his friends advised him to adopt, but Tirtentio, like many others, found that it is easier to avoid bad habits, than to lay them aside when once contracted. He could not let himself down so far in the world's opinion; he dreaded its laugh; he feared his former associates would forsake his society; and though their loss would have been a cause for felicitation rather than for regret, he could not patiently endure the thought. Their company, indeed, had become in some measure necessary to him, to divert his thoughts from the disagreeable course they would naturally take. "What!" said he to those who remonstrated with him on this subject, "shall I expose myself to the mortification I must suffer when I meet my friends, those who have seen me in better times, those who have enjoyed with me all that prosperity could bestow? Shall I confess myself their inferior, a fool whose liberality was greater than his resources, a meteor who blazed for a time, and then vanished into darkness? No, this shall not be; extraordinary exertion will extricate me from my difficulties, and

spare me from mortification." Thus did he endeavour to guard himself against dangers on a side where none were to be dreaded, and suffered himself to remain unprotected where they most abounded.

Time, however, convinced him of his error; but conviction arrived too late: his situation was like that of a man who commits himself to the current of a rapid river; pleased for a time with the swiftness of his progress, and the delightful sensations it inspires, he is insensible to the dangers that threaten him; but awakened from the pleasing delusion by the roaring of the distant waves, he sees himself hurried along with irresistible rapidity to the trackless waste of ocean, without provisions, without a compass, and without knowledge.

Still, however, he struggled against the force of the stream: pride, honour, and honesty still stimulated him to exertion. But the struggle was vain; it was not the efforts of an exalted being, opposing himself with firmness against the pressure of life's unavoidable ills, but the desperate resistance of one who knows his misfortunes are the consequence of his own imprudence; of one whose spirit was unconquered, but whose strength was exhausted. The remains of his property were risked in a bold but perilous adventure: it failed, and he was ruined, and thus painfully experienced the truth of the remark, that one false step may eventually plunge a man into the lowest state of poverty, wretchedness, and remorse.

Let the story of Tirtentio be an example to others; let them avoid those errors which eventually effected his ruin. To profit by the example of the unfortunate or the foolish, is a certain mark of wisdom. Should a mariner behold a vessel wrecked on an unknown shore, he would proceed with greater caution, and approach the fatal mark no nearer than prudence would justify, nor vainly and rashly tempt the terrors of the treacherous calm which diffused itself over the concealed rock: thus may private misfortune be converted to a source of public benefit; and while the unfortunate sufferer beholds the wreck of his own felicity with pain, he will yet have the consolation to find that it serves as an example to others to avoid the path which led him to his ruin.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

MOHAWK IN ENGLAND.

THE different situations and comparative advantages of a state of barbarism and civilization, have employed, at different times, the abilities of the most eminent writers, and been illustrated by the remarks of the most penetrating geniuses. Not all the ingenious arguments adduced on both sides of this question would, perhaps, throw so much light on this interesting subject, or prove so instructive to the philosopher, as the ideas and conversation of an American chieftain, who, having lately passed some time in London, is now preparing to return to his native country, and who is perhaps placed in the most extraordinary situation that ever fell to the lot of man.

This remarkable person is descended from the chief of the tribe of Mohawks, the first of the Five Nations that occupy the extensive country of Canada. His mother, however, was a European; and he was sent, when only fourteen years of age, to receive his education in the university of Edinburgh. After spending two years in the perusal of the elegant writings of the ancients, and in the pursuit of the softer studies of the *belles-lettres*, he returned to his native land, to raise the war-whoop to his warriors as the signal of battle, or to lift the tomahawk against the foes of his country.

Among his subjects, this Indian monarch bears the name of *Teyoninhac aia weu;* when in England, he

assumed that of John Norton. He married an Indian woman after his return to Canada, by whom he has two children. Some disputes having arisen with the English respecting the line of demarcation settled at the close of the American war, this patriotic monarch undertook the office of ambassador, for which he was so eminently qualified, and once more paid a visit to Britain. He brought with him his Indian dress, in which he sometimes appeared to those with whom he was particularly intimate. In this dress his portrait was taken by miss Knight, and was displayed in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. At other times he was no way distinguishable except by the braid in which his hair was tied. His noble figure, of about six feet in height, was rendered doubly agreeable by the amiable benevolence of his countenance. So far was he from being dazzled or seduced by the luxury around him, that he never spoke of his wife or children without a tear glistening in his eye, while he often expressed his sincere desire of embracing them once more. This amiable man had formed the patriotic and benevolent design of converting his subjects to the christian religion, and for that purpose has taken the pains of translating the gospel of St. John into the Mohawk language.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF MALTA TO ENGLAND.

THE fate of Britain is suspended to the rock of Malta; a rock which is placed in the very centre of the Mediterranean: possessing a port in which the British navy might moor, and presenting a coast impregnable, if but moderately defended, by any assault; guarding the whole of the Levant, and effectually controuling the naval movements of France on the east in that sea. This station is the most valuable and formidable fortress on the surface of the globe. It is to Britain another Gibraltar, a pass of Thermopylæ. If England retain this possession, a limit will be set to the acquisitions of Bonaparte; if she quits her hold of it, this invaluable spot falls inevitably into the hands of France; Egypt, the gate and vestibule of the east, follows; the bar to universal empire, now standing in the way of that state, is removed; and she will soon behold a captive world at her feet. Strange as this statement sounds, let no one treat it as chimerical and visionary, till he has carefully perused the pages in which it is expressed.

New circumstances in the world obliged Britain to become a Mediterranean power; and to act in this character, the permanent possession of Gibraltar and the occasional occupation of Minorca, became necessary. In like manner, the late changes render it equally requisite to the maintenance of the same preponderance in future, with that which Britain held in past times, that she should possess the additional post of Malta. France has been for a very long time duly sensible of the importance of this fortress; which is proved by the famous memoir of Leibnitz, and several public and private documents. Without it, Britain cannot maintain her wonted relations with the markets of Italy and Greece, with the ports of the Levant, with the Black Sea, and with the coast of Barbary; nor can it otherwise keep the balance even between it and Russia, on account of the late acquisitions of that state on the Black Sea. The immense central power of the French empire is only to be compressed within any moderate limits, by a contact between the Russian and British ports, as well in the Mediterranean and its adjoining seas, as in the Baltic. By means of Malta, they will not only come into a sure contact, but will be able to form a *strong articulation* with the Russian power, in the point where their enemy is most to be feared, and thus to esta-

blish and render perfect a system of compression, which, if maintained with suitable persistency and vigour, and its force successively communicated to the intermediate states, must in the end exhaust and subdue the central violence.

The importance of this island will be heightened by an event, which, though improbable at present, may happen hereafter, namely, a union between Russia and France in opposition to the British empire. The prospect of the long foreboded crush of the Turkish power imposes on the British the obligation of not abandoning this post.

It will be of incalculable importance that they should be present, in force, amidst the scenes of rapine and usurpation that will immediately attend that catastrophe. It will be indispensably necessary, at such a period, that they should vigorously watch the conduct of France: to persecute her with their vigilance, and distract her by their ubiquity; that they should frustrate all her prospects of rapacity; and by the strongest measures that sagacity can devise, or vigour effect, insure her exclusion from Egypt, and so destroy in the source, all the train of disasters that must otherwise ensue upon her acquiring possession of that coveted territory.

On the right of England to Malta it is hard to decide. On the footing of conquest, it cannot be disputed, and all the sanction is given which the best title can have, when it is shown to be the unanimous and unequivocal wish of the Maltese that England should exercise the supreme authority over them. Charles V, in assigning the dominion of the island, violated a solemn written contract of his ancestors with its inhabitants. He forfeited for ever, by this session, the claims of himself and his house to the sovereignty; and it reverted to the people, with the right of putting it in exercise, whenever they should be in a situation so to act. They found themselves in this situation on the dissolution of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, when, with the aid of Great Britain, the French were driven out of their territory; and thus invested with their original rights, they freely and solemnly entreated to be admitted into the allegiance of the British crown. Admitting, however, the reversion of the sovereignty to be in the crown of the two Sicilies, this cannot affect the right of the crown of England; since the king of Naples is not in a situation to assert and support his claims, and to guard the possession against the enemy and rival of Great Britain. If the reversion of the sovereignty of Malta has fallen in, the party in whom it vests has a choice whether to grant it out again or not; and if he resolves in the affirmative he is doubtless to select the person with whom he will invest it. The right of Great Britain to retain Malta, as founded on conquest, on the extinction of the ancient sovereign, and on the voluntary tender of allegiance by the Maltese, stands on a foundation as firm as the island itself. How it is affected by the treaty of Amiens is a great question, and one of difficult decision.

There is a most efficacious *moral* power, of which Britain became possessed, the moment that the genius of Britain, the evil genius of Bonaparte, first took post upon that island. Already has his empire of darkness suffered molestation from the proximity and splendour of truth; the rays of which, diffused from the centre of Malta, have cast their light upon the opposite coasts. Already the illumination of a free press, discreetly used, and judiciously directed, has begun to dissipate the mists of error and deception which envolved that wide horizon. For several months past an Italian paper has been published weekly in Malta. This paper, actively distributed in the Mediterranean by the opportunities which our naval superiority must ever command, is perused with avidity, not only in the islands of Greece, but on the coast of Asia Minor, and at the regencies upon the coast of Africa.

The parts of Europe where the French and German languages principally prevail, are under the controul of France; but that extensive range where the Italian language is the common medium of intercourse, the entire circuit of the Mediterranean sea, is placed completely within the reach of England by possessing Malta. At this central, this umbilical point, the genius of England has now established his oracle: an oracle, more truly terrific than that of Delphi; from whence he can utter his voice to the surrounding nations, and dispense in every direction the rays of that light, which Bonaparte labours to shut out from his empire, by every contrivance of artifice and force.

But how are the English to retain Malta, and by what principles are they to rule it? Not like some new island in the Charibean Sea, or Western Ocean, to be colonized by Englishmen, and worked by slaves. They have discovered no new island, neither have they extended the limits of their colonial system. In annexing Malta to the British dominions, they adopt a portion of the ancient world; they receive among them, and incorporate into their empire, an ancient race; a people who reverence religion and law, and who value legitimate freedom and civil enjoyment; a people who possess a strong national character, many excellent natural capacities, traditional partialities and disgusts, ancient and acknowledged privileges, activity and courage, loyalty and honour; and in whom all these qualities will acquire increased force, as soon as their feelings shall have recovered from the torpor caused by the incumbent pressure of the knights' government; and as soon as they shall have derived some degree of elation and confidence, from participating in the common strength and dignity of the British empire.

Admonished by the remembrance of Corsica, England ought not to attempt to re-mould the Maltese upon the form of the British constitution; but to secure to them the perpetuity of those native usages, which long local experience, and hereditary partialities, prescribe for their own government.

The sole right of the conqueror is derived from justifiable self-defence. If the conqueror thinks proper to retain the sovereignty of the conquered country, and has a right to retain it, the same principles must also determine the manner in which he is to treat that state: on the submission of the people he is bound *to govern them according to the laws of the state.*

If such would have been the incontestible right of the Maltese had they been conquered in arms against Great Britain, how much more justly is it so, when they themselves were confederate parties with her in the conquest, which expelled the common enemy, and placed their country in her power? The common interest that now unites England and Malta, calls for the constant presence of a representative of the British crown in that island; on the one hand, to secure the interests of that crown in Malta; and on the other, to afford to the people a perpetual evidence, and prompt experience, of the royal protection. But all that this common interest demands, in civil matters, is the presence of a civil representative, and of the few individuals immediately requisite to give effect to the duties of his office. In every other particular, the ancient civil establishment of the island is complete in the hands of its native inhabitants: thereby happily precluding the introduction of the most pernicious evil that could possibly creep in, to undermine and destroy their credit and security in the possession of this valuable dependency; a jobbing system, for the increase of patronage at home. This disinterested system, however, the depravity of mankind will hardly suffer to be adopted.

P.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCHES OF SOME RECENT NOVELS.

INOFFENSIVENESS is the only praise which the fair author of *The Lake of Killarney* claims to herself. It is represented to have been written during the languid hours of an infirm state of health, for amusement rather than for fame; and it is now offered to the public, not for their criticism, but to afford them an opportunity of partaking in the pleasure which the writer derived from the composition of the work. Under this information, it would be ungallant to exercise any severity; on the contrary, many parts of this novel claim more than the praise of inoffensiveness, for they are pleasing and well written, though the thread which connects the story together does not continually serve to conduct the reader along through the winding paths. This defect may arise from the state of the author's health, which probably interrupted the chain of ideas, and weakened their mutual dependance on each other.

Mrs. Hunter has given us *The Unexpected Legacy.* It must be allowed that the moral tendency of a production of this nature, and the invitations which it holds out to a course of virtue, as well as to rectitude of intentions, are points of considerable importance; and in the present instance, not less than in former publications of Mrs. Hunter, this merit undoubtedly belongs to the fair author. The work includes several intermediate narratives, which are each distinct and separate stories: a mode which divides and subdivides the interest and the attention of the reader; insomuch that he will not be surprised if, after having read the *Unexpected Legacy*, he should scarcely recollect at the conclusion either of the nature of the bequest or the merits of the donor.

The hero of *What You Please* is a young man of singular merit and accomplishments, whose narrow circumstances induce him to accept the office of tutor in a nobleman's family. While he resides in this situation, a mutual affection between the hero and the amiable daughter of the nobleman lays a foundation for their future union. Various events intervene to procrastinate this happy event; some of which will amuse, and others perhaps will appear tedious to the reader. The writer displays ability in describing characters, and their peculiar turns of temper; and he shows himself, in many instances, a good observer of the springs and motives which influence the conduct of individuals in the commerce of life. A number of quotations from classical authors are also introduced, which inform us that the writer is a man of education. The ambition which he expresses, that the moral tendency of his work should be approved, is much in his favour; and there is but one instance in which he has deviated from so laudable a design, viz., the indulgence which he is disposed to allow to what are called "occasional gallantries."

Dr. Bisset's *Modern Literature* contains passages of such a nature and tendency, as a sense of decorum would forbid us to detail. In other respects, the novel is not of an interesting kind. Its object is to delineate the manners of the times, and particularly those of persons engaged in departments of literature: but, although a great number of personages are introduced, the author has no felicity in developing and unfolding the peculiar distinctions and shades of character. Hence the reader is not more interested in a narrative of this kind, than in a newspaper anecdote, where certain actions are ascribed to certain individuals, but no opportunity is presented of forming what is equivalent to a personal acquaintance with the character recorded. This defect must necessarily render all biography, whether real or fictitious, less interesting in proportion to its extent; and in avoiding this fault, consist the great art and secret of

fascinating and rivetting the mind of the reader; as Fielding and Smollet, and other eminent writers in this walk, have so happily illustrated in their writings.

Dr. Bisset is lately dead.

Those painful emotions, which are raised in the bosom of the reader by the relation of persecutions and indignities offered to an innocent and unprotected female, are, in *Jessica Mandeville, or the Woman of Fortune*, not a little relieved by the anticipation which he bears along with him through the lengthened story, that some delightful remuneration will arrive at the conclusion, as the merited reward both of the heroine's and his own patience. Thus it was that while we are reading the tearful tale of Jessica Mandeville, more wearied than interested by her woes, we endure the toil like the faithful pilgrim, "hoping unto the end." The termination of her sorrows in a happy marriage was as satisfactory as could be wished; and though her eventful history may not be the most polished or most fascinating production of the kind, yet, with regard to good morals and religious principles, every reader will form a favourable opinion of the author.

The usual occurences of a village life, detailed in the *Village Anecdotes, or the Journal of a Year*, are not calculated in themselves to excite sufficient interest in the detail, but require to be accompanied with certain incidents which awaken generous emotions in the reader, and make an appeal to his heart. The mere relation of morning visits or morning walks, of the conversation of Mr. Ewer, or the miscarriage of Mrs. Bertram, of a party sitting down to the tea-table, or preparing jellies for their company, will furnish but an insipid treat, and can exite no particular sensations of either a pleasurable or a painful nature. The diction of this work is also extremely low and colloquial.

A perseverance in the path of virtue gives stability to the mind in every struggle of life, insures the possession of inward peace, and eventually leads to happiness and honour. In the history of Sabina, related by Mary Goldsmith in her *Casualties*, whose occupation is that of a mantua-maker, this truth is here illustrated; and after many trials and conflicts with adversity, such as having her house burnt down and her goods spoiled, being taken to prison for debt, &c., &c., the virtuous Sabina is established by marriage in an honourable situation of life. Learn, ye mantua-makers all, from this instructive lesson, to mind your needles, and earn a "virtuous bit of bread." As a composition, this novel boasts no high merit.

It is worthy of remark, that five out of seven of those novels are written by women. Indeed novel writing may at present be considered as a regular calling or trade, by which many ingenious but indigent women in Great Britain obtain a livelihood. The best of female writers of novels, now alive, and still pursuing their vocation, would amount to a considerable number.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

HANNAH-MORIANA.

MISS HANNAH MORE, whose works have been so much talked of, and so much read, has lately assumed the arduous office of instructing the heiress apparent of Great Britain, in a work just published on the education of a princess. The following specimens of her talents are taken from this work, and will be acceptable not only to that lady's numerous admirers in America, but to every sagacious reader.

LOUIS XIV.

Knowledge is often the preservative of virtue; and, next to right habits of sentiment and conduct, the best human source of happiness. Could Louis the fourteenth have

read, probably the edict of Nantz had not been revoked. But a restless temper, and a vacant mind, unhappily lighting on absolute power, present, in this monarch, a striking instance of the fatal effects of ignorance, and a neglected education. He had a good natural understanding, loved business, and seemed to have a mind capable of comprehending it. Many of his recorded expressions are neat and elegant. But he was uninstructed upon system: cardinal Mazarine, with a view to secure his own dominion, having withheld from him all the accessary means of education. Thus he had received no ideas from books; he even hated in others the learning which he did not himself possess: the terms *wit* and *scholar*, were, in his mind, terms of reproach; the one as implying satire, the other pedantry. He wanted not application to public affairs; and habit had given him some experience in them. But the apathy which marked his latter years, strongly illustrated the infelicity of an unfurnished mind. This, in the tumult of his brighter days, amidst the succession of intrigues, the splendour of festivity, and the bustle of arms, was scarcely felt. But ambition and voluptuousness cannot always be gratified. Those ardent passions, which in youth were devoted to licentiousness, in the meridian of life to war, in a more advanced age to bigotry and intolerance, not only had never been directed by religion, but had never been softened by letters. After he had renounced his mistresses at home, and his unjust wars abroad, even though his mind seems to have acquired some pious tendencies, his life became a scene of such inanity and restlessness, that he was impatient at being, for a moment, left alone. He had no mental resources. The agitation of great events had subsided. From never having learned either to employ himself in reading or thinking, his life became a blank, from which he could not be relieved by the sight of his palaces, his gardens, and his aqueducts, the purchase of depopulated villages and plundered cities.

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THE VALUE OF REGAL POMP.

While a prince is taught the use of those exterior embellishments, which, as was before observed, designate, rather than dignify his station; while he is led to place the just value on every appendage which may contribute to give him importance in the eyes of the multitude; who, not being just judges of what constitutes true dignity, are consequently apt to reverence the royal person exactly so far as they see outward splendour connected with it; should not a royal pupil himself be taught, instead of overvaluing that splendour, to think it a humbling, rather than an elevating consideration, that so large a part of the respect paid to him, should be owing to such extrinsic causes, to causes which make no part of himself? Let him then be taught to gratify the public with all the pomp and circumstance suitable to royalty; but let him never forget, that though his station ought always to procure for him respect, he must ever look to his own personal conduct for inspiring veneration, attachment, and affection; and ever let it be remembered, that this affection is the strongest tie of obedience: that subjects like to see their prince great, when that greatness is not produced by rendering them less; and as the profound Selden observes, the people will always be liberal to a prince who spares them, and a good prince will always spare a liberal people.

—

DAVID HUME.

His finely painted characters of Alfred and Elizabeth should be engraved on the heart of every sove-

reign. His political prejudices do not strikingly appear, till the establishment of the house of Stuart, nor his religious antipathies till about the distant dawn of the reformation under Henry V. From that period to its full establishment, he is perhaps more dangerous, because less ostensibly daring than some other infidel historians. It is a serpent under a bed of roses. He does not (in his *history* at least) so much ridicule religion himself, as invite others to ridicule it. There is a sedateness in his manner which imposes; a sly gravity in his scepticism, which puts the reader more off his guard, than the vehemence of censure, or the levity of wit; for we are always less disposed to suspect a man who is too wise to appear angry. That same wisdom makes him too correct to *invent* calumnies, but it does not preserve him from doing what is scarcely less disingenuous. He implicitly adopts the injurious relations of those annalists who were most hostile to the reformed faith; though he must have known their accounts to be aggravated and discoloured, if not absolutely invented. He thus makes others responsible for the worst things he asserts, and spreads the mischief, without avowing the malignity. When he speaks from himself, the sneer is so cool, the irony so sober, the contempt so discreet, the moderation so insidious, the difference between popish bigotry and protestant firmness, between the fury of the persecutor and the resolution of the martyr, so little marked; the distinctions between intolerant phrenzy and heroic zeal so melted into each other, that, though he contrives to make the reader feel some indignation at the tyrant, he never leads him to feel any reverence for the sufferer. He ascribes such a slender superiority to one religious system above another, that the young reader, who does not come to the perusal with his principles formed, will be in danger of thinking that the reformation was really not worth contending for.

But in nothing is the skill of this accomplished sophist more apparent than in the artful way in which he piques his readers into a conformity with his own views concerning religion. Human pride, he knew, naturally likes to range itself on the side of ability. He, therefore, skilfully works on this passion, by treating, with a sort of contemptuous superiority, as weak and credulous men, all whom he represents as being under the religious delusion.

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POLITICAL VALUE OF RELIGION.

It would not, perhaps, be easy to cite a higher authority, on the point in question, the importance of religion to a state, than that of the great and excellent chancellor de L'Hopital. It was a common observation of his, that "religion had more influence upon the spirits of mankind, than all their passions put together; and that the cement, by which it united them, was infinitely stronger than all the other obligations of civil society." This was not the observation of a dreaming monk, who, in his cell, writes maxims for a world of which he knows nothing; but the sentiment, derived from deep experience, of an illustrious statesman, whose greatness of mind, zeal, disinterestedness, and powerful talents, supported France under a succession of weak and profligate kings. Frugal for the state, in times of boundless prodigality; philosophical in a period of enthusiastic fury; tolerant and candid in days of persecution, and deeply conscientious under all circumstances; worthy, in short, and it is perhaps his best eulogium, to be driven, for his virtues, by Catherine di Medici, from counsels which his wisdom might have controuled; and who, on giving up the seals which she demanded, withdrew to an honourable literary retreat, with the remark, that "the world was too depraved for him to

concern himself any longer with it." These are the men whom corrupt princes drive from the direction of those states, which their wisdom and virtue might reform.

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EXTEMPORE QUOTATION.

To burthen the memory* with a load of dry matter would, on the one hand, be dull; and with a mass of poetry, which she can have little occasion to use, would, on the other, be superfluous. But as the understanding opens, and years advance, might she not occasionally commit to memory, from the best authors in every department, one select passage, one weighty sentence, one striking precept, which, in the hours devoted to society and relaxation, might form a kind of thesis for interesting conversation? For instance, a short specimen of eloquence from South, or of reasoning from Barrow; a detached reflection on the analogy of religion to the constitution of nature from Butler; a political character from Clarendon; a maxim of prudence from the Proverbs; a precept of government from Bacon; a moral document from the Rambler; a passage of ancient history from Plutarch; a sketch of national manners from Goldsmith's Traveller, or of individual character from the Vanity of Human Wishes; an aphorism on the contempt of riches from Seneca, or a paragraph on the wealth of nations from Adam Smith; a rule of conduct from sir Matthew Hale, or a sentiment of benevolence from Mr. Addison; a devout contemplation from bishop Hall, or a principle of taste from Quintilian; an opinion on the law of nations from Vattel, or on the law of England from Blackstone.

* These notions of miss Hannah More will make some readers smile, and the smile will not be entirely an approving one.

EDITOR.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF ADDISON AND JOHNSON.

It is less from Johnson than from Addison that we derive the interesting lessons of life and manners; that we learn to trace the exact delineations of character, and to catch the vivid hues and varied tints of nature. It is true, that every sentence of the more recent moralist is an aphorism, every paragraph a chain of maxims for guiding the understanding and guarding the heart. But when Johnson describes *characters*, he rather exhibits vice and virtue in the abstract, than real existing human beings: while Addison presents you with actual men and women; real life figures, compounded of the faults and the excellencies, the wisdom and the weaknesses, the follies and the virtues of humanity. By the Avarus, the Eubulus, the Misellus, the Sophron, the Zosima, and the Viator of Johnson, we are instructed in the soundest truths, but we are not struck with any vivid exemplification. We merely *hear* them, and we hear them with profit, but we do not *know* them. Whereas with the members of the Spectator's club we are *acquainted*. Johnson's personages are elaborately carved figures that fill the niches of the saloon; Addison's are the living company which animate it. Johnson's have more drapery; Addison's more countenance. Johnson's gentlemen and ladies, scholars and chambermaids, philosophers and coquets, all argue syllogistically, all converse in the same academic language; divide all their sentences into the same triple members, turn every phrase with the same measured solemnity, and round every period with the same polished smoothness. Addison's talk learnedly or lightly, think deeply or prate flippantly, in exact concordance with their character, station, and habits of life.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

PETRIFACTION.

ONE of the most marvellous tales in the Arabian library relates to a petrified community in the deserts of Africa; and yet it is not in the records of invention only that these wonderful tales are to be found. Mineralogists will furnish many instances delivered as authentic, quite as incredible as any which romance affords. For an example, we are told by Baptista Fulgosus, Ludovicus Moscardus, and Theodorus Moretus, that a whole ship, with its anchors, broken masts, and forty mariners, with their merchandize, were found, in the year 1460, in a mine fifty fathom deep, in the neighbourhood of Berne, in Switzerland. Valchius, in his commentary on the *Klein Baur*, tell us of a truly curious fossil man, found at Maria Kirch, near Strasburgh, by a miner, who, breaking open the hollow of a rock, was astonished at beholding the figure of an armed man, standing upright, now composed of a mass of silver, of five hundred pounds weight. There are many other wonderful tales in store, of flocks of cattle, of large companies of men, and of even whole cities, with their inhabitants, being converted to stone. We are supplied, by a comparatively modern author, with an account of a troop of Spanish horsemen, who thus underwent the process of petrifaction; and with a very seriously attested relation of a petrified child, which was shown at Paris, and which was occasionally, used by its possessor as a whetstone!

Petrifaction is sometimes accounted for by *substitution*. But to this doctrine it is objected, that lines smaller than hairs, proceeding from the centre of a piece of wood to its circumference, cannot have their component parts removed, and their places exactly filled up by earthy particles, merely deposited by water, so as to preserve their continuity; and that, even on the supposition of this very nice and accurate exchange of the particles of matter, the preservation of the original *colour* of the wood remains to be explained. In opposition to those who attribute petrifaction to the injection of silex, fused by heat, it is remarked that we cannot well suppose such an injection to have occasioned the destruction of the ligneous texture in some cases, and to have preserved it in others.

Professor Playfair states that, on examination, the siliceous matter is often observed to have penetrated the wood very unequally, so that the vegetable structure remains in some places entire, and, in other places, is lost in an homogeneous mass of agate or jasper. Where this happens, the line which separates these two parts is quite sharp and distinct; altogether different from what must have taken place, had the flinty matter been introduced into the body of the wood, by any fluid in which it was dissolved; as it would then have pervaded the whole, if not uniformly, yet with a regular gradation.

Playfair here speaks of specimens which he has either himself seen, or of those, the description of which, he conceives, warrants his account. During the perpetual examination, for several years, says Mr. Parkinson, of specimens of fossil wood, I never saw one in which the line separating these two parts of the specimen was quite sharp and distinct, and different from what must have taken place, had the flinty matter been introduced into the body of the wood, by any fluid, in which it was dissolved; on the contrary, in numerous specimens now before me, in which the fibres of the fossil wood are in some parts distinct, and in others lost, I seek in vain for any line of distinction, as to the penetration of the wood with siliceous matter; but see in all, no difference whatever in this respect in that part where the structure is confused or where it is distinct; nor do I find the least reason to suppose, that the silex has not pervaded the whole, in the most uniform manner.

In those specimens of fossil wood that are partly penetrated by agate, and partly not penetrated at all, the professor says, the same sharpness of termination may be remarked, and is an appearance highly characteristic of the fluidity produced by fusion. Mr. Parkinson never had the opportunity of seeing a specimen similar to those which are here alluded to. He possessed several specimens of agatine, opaline, and jasperine woods, the appearance of the external parts of which very nearly resemble that of unchanged wood; but examination soon shows that these parts have also been pervaded by the silex. Such specimens would only prove that the petrifying matter had only been applied to one particular part of the wood; a circumstance that may occur in the application of an aqueous solution of petrifying matter.

The emperor of Germany, being desirous to know the length of time necessary to complete a petrifaction, obtained leave from the sultan to take up, and examine, one of the timbers that had supported Trajan's bridge over the Danube, some miles below Belgrade. It was found to have been converted into an agate, to the depth only of half an inch; the inner parts being slightly petrified, and the central still wood. If the fact be so, it not only is an additional answer to the reasonings of Playfair, but proves that siliceous particles are soluble in water, are taken up by wood, and that petrifaction is carried on, under appropriate circumstances, in modern times.

The form and structure of petrified wood, with even some of its smaller fibres, are curiously preserved; water pervades every part of it; and its durability is such, as to ensure its preservation until that event happens, on which its consolidation appears to depend; the saturation of the water, with which it is in every part imbued, with earthy particles, chiefly in a state of solution. These consolidating, by the formation of extremely minute crystallizations, through the whole softened mass of bituminized wood, give it an aluminous, calcareous, or siliceous substance, without disturbing the existing arrangement of its fibres. Thus appear to be formed all those fossils, which really deserve the name of petrifactions; and thus, perhaps, can alone be explained the exact preservation of even the minute fibres of the wood, still retaining their continuity, and their original characteristic disposition, whilst their substance has undergone a conversion into stone.

The history of calcareous petrification is not attended with the same difficulty as that of the siliceous; the deposition of carbonate of lime from various springs and rivers being obvious to daily notice.

Dr. Leonard Vegni has established, at the baths of St. Philip, in Tuscany, a manufactory to precipitate this fine *tufa* on medals and bas reliefs, and to get by that means the finest impressions. He causes this hot incrustating water to fall from on high, into a large vessel, and to break upon a wooden cross; whereby it is separated into a fine spray, and directed against the sides of the vessel, on which, all around, the medals or bas reliefs, or their mouldings or forms, are hanging. The falling or breaking of the water imparts a greater impulsion to its drops, and to its *turfo* or *tartaro;* which, without this manipulation, would be but farinaceous, friable, and spongy. Dr. Vegni has succeeded already in casting busts of this *tufa*, and he soon hopes to cast statues of natural size. Dr. Vegni has applied the waters at Tivoli to the same ingenious purposes.

The examples of metallized wood are chiefly confined to impregnations of iron and copper, especially to bog iron ore, and the beautiful Siberian malachites.

With respect to the varieties of petrified wood, the imagination, in many instances, has so much assisted conjecture, respecting the kind of tree from which the fossil wood has originated, that opinions respecting this circumstance should be re-

ceived with caution ; since very frequently the supposed resemblance is founded on colour, and on direction of fibres, which may have undergone considerable changes, and have even owed those particular appearances to the influence of circumstances dependent on a subterrannean situation. While, in some, their vague and indistinct marks are insufficient to allow of any opinion being adopted respecting their primitive form, in others, appearances offer themselves dissimilar to those of any known recent tree.

The fossil vegetable impressions, which so much abound in schistus, sand-stone, calcareous strata, and arigallaceous nodules, are generally acknowleged to be of a formation posterior to the deluge ; and the difficulty of determining even the genera to which they belong is well known to the most skilful botanists. Many of them seem to pertain to the families of reeds, ferns, and carti, and to have been the produce of a warm climate. The president of the Linnæan Society has, with much hesitation, pronounced on a few ; and several of the older botanists have advanced very different opinions concerning the prototypes of the same impressions. The circumstance of the same side of a leaf appearing on two halves of an argillaceous nodule may be thus explained :

The iron stone nodule, on being split, affords the most satisfactory evidence as to the nature of the change which the vegetable matter undergoes in these cases, since here, bitumen will uniformly be found to have taken the place, which vegetable matter had originally possessed. If vegetable matter, secluded from the air, in a moist situation, will pass through a certain fermentative process, by which it will be converted to bitumen, the key to this enigma is found. The leaf, involved in the tenacious argillaceous matter, necessarily forms a mould bearing its exact form ; and after a certain period, during which the surrounding mass acquires a greater degree of hardness, and a nodular form, the vegetable matter changes into bitumen, which fills the mould, and assumes exactly the same form which the leaf originally bore. If, therefore, the nodule be now split, one of these two circumstances will occur: either the bitumen will, by by the breaking of the nodule, be separated and lost, leaving the impressions on both sides of the leaf perfect, or it will separate from one side only, and adhere to the other, when the side from which it has separated will yield the impression of the leaf, and the bituminous matter itself, possessing the place of the leaf, will present a surface analogous to that of the leaf from which the impression was originally derived. The separated flake of bitumen, mentioned in the first case, has, in some instances, been preserved ; the description which has been given of it, it being said to resemble a piece of leather or parchment, agreeing much better with its possessing a bituminous nature, than its being a mere dried leaf.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON MENANDER AND PHILEMON, GREEK DRAMATISTS.

——Dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

JUVENAL.

I REMEMBER to have read, in the memoirs of a celebrated mimic of his day (Tate Wilkinson), the account of an actress, who was persuaded, by very liberal offers, to perform for a few nights on the Dublin stage. The high character of the lady for personal charms, and elegance of gesture, manner, and diction, had excited the most lively interest. All the fashion and beauty of the metropolis were assembled to witness endowments, which were supposed to be inimitable. The

drawing up of the curtain was expected with an eagerness that nothing short of perfection could gratify. The usual form of prologue was dispensed with, and the advances of subordinate performers considered as impertinent and intrusive. The minor beauties who graced the boxes were thrown into the shade; the tributes of gallantry due to them were denied; and all respect and adoration were suspended, until the goddess of beauty herself should demand them. Thunders of applause, that shook the house to its centre, hailed her entrance. Grace and majesty were the attendants on every motion, for it was declared before-hand that she could not move without them. A veil that hid her face remained to be withdrawn, before the assembly could be allowed to gaze on perfect loveliness. The envious gauze was removed, and discovered, instead of a Venus, a perfect Hecate. The features that had once so brilliantly expressed and communicated joy, pensiveness, love, and all that was amiable and affecting, were now become hardened by age. The lustre of the eye burnt faint and dim; severe wrinkles had usurped the place of smiles; the voice, which, in better days, had been soft, flexible, and persuasive, no longer retained its modulation, but was strained into harsh and unpleasing discords; the ruins of loveliness were scarcely discoverable; and the whole actress had become the ghost of her former self.

The name of Menander, from the praises lavished on him by his contemporaries, suggests to our minds the most complete model of gaiety and voluptuousness of any author before or since his time. Like the spectators of the Dublin theatre, we are entitled, from the universal assent of the ancients, to expect those qualities in a poet, to whom they were said so eminently to belong. But time has committed the same ravages on the dead Menander as it had on the living Venus. It has preyed on all that was inviting and lovely, and spared little else than his frowns, wrinkles, and deformities. What an image does it present to our minds of the fragility of mortal fame, when we find that the very character of this celebrated bard has undergone so entire a revolution; and that, of his voluminous works, the monuments by which he vainly hoped to be immortalized, only fragments enough remain to present to our view the very reverse of that which they were designed to perpetuate!

Even this poet, gloomy and melancholy as he now appears, was once, according to Pliny, "*omnis luxuriæ interpres;*" in the language of Plutarch, "the constant worshipper, the chief priest of the god of love, who, like some universal spirit, pervaded and connected all his works." Yet his love was so refined, and his voluptuousness so guarded by delicacy, that he was placed, without scruple or danger, in the hands of youths and virgins:

Fabula jucundi nulla est sine amore Menandri,
Et solet hic pueris virginibusque legi.
OVID.

Many ages after his death, a statue was erected to his memory, and placed by the side of the image of Cupid.

Two or three epigrams, made upon this statue, are preserved, which display, in the figurative but forcible language of his countrymen, the estimation in which he was held, and give him a distinguished rank among the gay and amorous poets of antiquity.

I.

Behold Menander, syren of the stage,
Who charm'd, with love allied, a happier age;
Light wanton wreaths, that never shall be dead,
Are curl'd luxuriant o'er the poet's head,
Who dress'd the scene in colours bright and gay,
And breath'd enchantment o'er the living lay.

II.

Menander, sweet Thalia's pride,
Well art thou plac'd by Cupid's side;
Priest to the god of soft delights,
Thou spread'st on earth his joyous rites;
And sure the boy himself we see
To smile, and please, and breathe in thee;
For, musing o'er yon imag'd stone,
To see thee and to love are one.

"In supporting the characters of fathers, sons, husbands, soldiers, peasants, the rich and the poor, the violent and the gentle, Menander surpassed all in consistency, and, by the brilliancy of his imagery, threw every rival into the shade." Such is the character given of him by Quintillian. The natural partiality of Cæsar for his countrymen, only permits him to give a secondary place to Terence, the imitator of the elegant, but not of the witty, Grecian. Ausonius couples our poet with Homer; and he is extolled by all those who had access to his works with an enthusiasm not inferior to that with which the name of that prince of poets is mentioned.

I have heard that a great English orator, now living, the only scholar who has made the style of Demosthenes his own, and adapted it to present politics and the events of the times, has frequently declared his opinion, founded on the specimens of the poets which yet remain, and the praises of all the discerning ancients, that the loss of his dramas is more to be deplored than of any other ancient writings whatever. Alas! Menander is no more; and all the praises of antiquity and the regret of subsequent ages resemble only the rich mantle which wraps the corpse of a monarch, or the frankincense which burns upon his pile! He is enbalmed in the eulogies of antiquity, and only lives in the mouths of men who mourn his loss.

A few relics, among those of lesser note yet remaining to us (which, like the bones of some giant picked up in the field, once the theatre of his exploits, cannot be fitted to any other than the huge body to which they belonged) give us some idea of the vastness of Menander. But "*quantum mutatus ab illo!*" Where are the flowers, perfumes, garlands, the breathings of gallantry and tenderness, the sprightly sallies of wit, and all the apparatus and circumstance of love, youth, and delight, that conveyed and recommended morality to the gay and thoughtless, by attiring her in a dress that enamoured her beholders? That his aim was morality, is evident from the praises bestowed on him by Plutarch and other writers. This end he kept in view "unmixed with baser matter," and by an equal exertion of force and persuasion, commanded the hearts of his readers and auditors. And yet the fragments that have come down to us stamp him with the character of morose, sarcastic, and querulous. But these sentiments were put by him into the mouths of characters whom he designed to hold up to detestation or ridicule; and what remains of him does not mark so strongly his own peculiar genius, as the taste of those selectors who have chosen his words to illustrate their own ideas. Thus to the saturnine and melancholy selector we owe the survival of the sad, peevish, and infantine complaints on the many sorrowful *items* "which flesh is heir to," and which, instead of offering an alleviation to the evils we suffer, tend to aggravate their load and debilitate the bearer. On the other hand, the strikingly moral passages with which his works abounded, alone caught the attention of the fathers of the primitive church, who found in the Greek comedian a strain of piety so nearly approaching to their own belief and feelings, that all ideas of a preponderance of satire over moral precept must yield to evidence so irresistible as the approbation of Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius.

It may not be amiss to soften the dryness of these remarks, by introducing a few instances from his works of the passages which have

been, by this means, transmitted to us, in however imperfect or mutilated a state.

Hadst thou alone of all mankind been born
To walk in paths untroubled with a thorn,
From the first hour that gave thee vital air
Consign'd to pleasure, and exempt from care,
Heedless to wile away the day and night
In one unbroken banquet of delight,
Pamper each ruling sense, secure from ill,
And own no law superior to thy will;
If partial Heaven had ever sworn to give
This happy right as thy prerogative;
Then blame the gods, and call thy life the worst,
Thyself of all mankind the most accurst!

But if with us the common air thou draw,
Subject, alike, to nature's general law,
If on thy head an equal portion fall
Of life's afflicting weight impos'd on all,
Take courage from necessity, and try
Boldly to meet the foe thou canst not fly.

Thou art a man, like others, doomed to feel
The quick descent of Fortune's giddy wheel.
Weak human race! we strive to soar from sight
With wings unfitted to the daring flight,
Restless each fleeting object to obtain,
We lose in minutes what in years we gain.
But why shouldst thou, my honour'd friend, repine?
No grief peculiar or unknown is thine;
Though Fortune smile no more, as once she smil'd,
Nor pour her gifts on thee, her favourite child,
Patient and firm, the present ill redress,
Nor by despairing make thy little less.

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——Most blest, my friend, is he
Who, having once beheld this glorious frame
Of nature, treads again the path he came.
The common sun, the clouds, the starry train,
The elemental fire, and watery main,
If for a hundred years they glad our sight,
Or but a moment ere they fade in night,
'Tis all the same; we never shall survey
Scenes half so wond'rous fair and blest as they.
Beyond 'tis all an empty, giddy show,
Noise, tumult, strife, extravagance, and woe;
He who can first retire departs the best,
His reckoning paid, he sinks unharm'd to rest.
But him who stays, fatigue and sorrows wait,
Old age, and penury's unhappy state;
By the world's tempests toss'd, a prey he lies
To open force, and ambush'd enemies,
Till his long-suffering frame and ling-'ring breath
He yields at last to agonizing death.

In short, it is from these two sources alone, the writings of the melancholy and pious man, that we are furnished with our specimens of the great Menander. Happy were it for us and for posterity, had the gay, the voluptuous, and the witty, finished the portrait of the bard, by transmitting to after ages examples that would have enabled us to measure him by the standards of humour, sprightliness, and fancy.

The superiority of the Grecian dramatists was felt and ackowledged by their Roman imitators and admirers; and Cicero frequently reprobates the prevailing partiality of his countrymen for these foreign authors. He supposes a Roman thus to object to his arguments: "Shall I toil through the Synephebi of Cæcilius, and the Andria of Terence, when I may as easily read the same plays in Menander?" The answer of Cicero is not very convincing, nor likely to turn the scale in favour of the Roman stage.

Menander was drowned in the harbour of Piræus (A. C. 293), at a time of life when he had done enough for immortality, but while

the powers of his mind were yet unimpaired by age, and his genius sufficiently ardent to do still more. He is said to have thrown himself into the sea in a fit of jealousy, occasioned by his unfortunate competition with Philemon, his contemporary in the middle comedy. He was vanquished, as Aulus Gellius asserts, by the superior interest rather than talents of his successful rival; and the same writer relates, that, meeting him shortly after the contest had been decided, he asked him "If he did not blush at gaining the prize against him?" Menander is to be classed in the melancholy list of great men, to whom the jealousy, bad taste, or intrigues of the time in which they lived denied justice, and to whose names fame and honour were attached, when they no longer lived to enjoy them.

By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the writers, as well as the warriors, of antiquity were thus prematurely cut off from existence. Euripides and Heraclitus were torn to pieces by dogs. Theocritus ended his career by the halter. Empedocles was lost in the crater of Mount Etna. Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies; Archilochus and Ibycus by banditti. Sappho threw herself from a precipice.—Æschylus perished by the fall of a tortoise. Anacreon, as may be expected, owed his death to grapes. Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander. Seneca and Lucan, condemned to death by a tyrant, cut their veins, and died repeating their own verses, and Petronius Arbiter met a similar catastrophe. Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the delirium of a philtre administered by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects. Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days both of Socrates and Demosthenes; and Cicero fell under the proscription of the triumvirate. It is truly wonderful that so many men, the professed votaries of peace and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from that to which the common casualties of life should seem to expose them.

Of Philemon, the successful rival of Menander, we know but little. He seems to have passed his life in the exercise of those social virtues which secure the affection of intimates, but have little tendency to advance him to notice. These peaceful virtues would probably have consigned the comic poet to obscurity, had not his exigencies called out the powers he possessed to surmount those obstacles which his inclination had opposed, and pushed him into active life. His ears could not have been deaf to the plaudits conferred on his performances, and some sparks of ambition must have been kept alive by perpetual rivalry with the great master of the sock.

We have a picture of Sterne, drawn by himself, in the attitude of feeding an ass with macaroons: "And at this moment," says that sprightly and whimsical writer, "that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act." It would be hard to say what figure an ass would make while thus engaged; but we are told by Valerius Maximus, that a similar entertainment caused the death of Philemon. This poet, on entering a room to refresh himself with some figs, observed that an ass had been before-hand with him, and was leisurely devouring them, one by one. Philemon, wishing to complete the repast, courteously ordered a slave to present his dumb guest with a goblet of wine. This curious symposium provoked the comedian to such a fit of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle.

Every anecdote of Philemon, down to the tragi-comic one which closed his existence, recommends him to our esteem. He is said to have possessed infinite good-humour; and to the ease and gaiety of his manners and amiable character he was, probably, more indebted for his

many triumphs over Menander, than to his superiority as a writer. Every thing seems to have been so well tempered within him, all violent and malign passions to have been held in such perfect subjection, and all the more engaging and estimable qualities to have been allowed such free indulgence, that his constitution suffered no violence from pent-up emotions, and his body no diminution of vigour from the jarring, gloomy, or furious elements of his mind. He did not indulge in the luxuries of the table, which, as they pamper, irritate, and inflame, are, at least, one of the sources from which the most dangerous disorders of temper, intellect, and constitution derive their growth. Owing to these causes, he reached the very advanced age of one hundred and one years.

The fragments of Philemon that have come down to us bespeak a mind tranquil and unruffled, capable, from its intimacy with the human heart and all its intricacies, to dictate what is for the good of mankind, but content with gentle admonition and persuasion. How amiable is the rebuke of one of his characters to a friend who was detected in weeping, instead of endeavouring to redress a misfortune!

If tears could med'cine human ills, and give
The heart o'ercharg'd a sweet restorative,
Gold, jewels, splendour, all we reckon dear,
Were mean and worthless to a single tear.
But ah! nor treasures bribe, nor raining eyes,
Our firm inexorable destinies:
Weep we or not, as sun succeeds to sun
In the same course our fates unpitying run.
Tears yet are ours whene'er misfortunes press;
And though they fail to give the wish'd redress,
Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
These bitter drops will flow from Sorrow's spring.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE NOTIONS OF THE ANCIENTS CONCERNING DEATH.

AMONG the Greek epigrammatists, no observations on human life are more frequent than those which are drawn from a position held for certain by most of the ancient philosophers, and which we constantly find repeated in our own days, of the great preponderance of evil in the affairs of man. To those whose notions of a future state were perplexed, dark, and uncertain; whose belief in retribution was unsettled and wavering, and rather an object of speculation than a ground of hope or satisfaction, this present life must have appeared the boundary of all human desires and fears; and the very uncertainty of its duration, and the dark and miserable gloom which involved every thing beyond it, will, of itself, account for the continual complaints of the sad lot of humanity to be found among the ancient poets. Such is the melancholy strain of Mimnermus, the poet of love and pleasure.

We, too, as leaves that in the vernal hours
Greet the new sun, refresh'd by fruitful show'rs,
Rejoice, exulting in our verdant prime,
Nor good nor evil marks our noiseless time.
But round our birth the gloomy fates preside,
And smile malignant on our fleeting pride;
One with old age prepar'd to blast our bloom,
One arm'd with death to hide it in the tomb.
Our better moments smile and pass away
E'en as the sun that shines and sets to day.
When youth is flown, death only can assuage,
And yield a refuge from the ills of age.
All mourn adversity. One, nobly bred,
Toils a poor slave to him his bounty fed;
One, solitary, seeks the tomb's embrace,

With no transmitter of his name and race;
While, sick and faint, or rack'd by ceaseless fears,
Another journies down the vale of years.

The comparison in these verses will bring to our recollection the beautiful but melancholy speech of Glaucus to Diomed, in the sixth book of the Iliad. Simonides has introduced the beginning of the same speech, and commented upon it in the following lines. They are not wholly inapplicable to the present subject, notwithstanding the recommendation they tend to enforce.

Nothing that's mortal can continue long;
And well the man of Chios tun'd his song—
"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found:"
Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
Or in their breasts imprint this solemn truth,
For hope is near to all, and most to youth.
In the gay spring of life her flowers arise,
Swell the light mind, and blind the ardent eyes;
Old age and death are strangers to the ear,
And sickness claims no momentary fear.
Alas! how little thinks the giddy crowd
Of the short space to youth and life allow'd!
Ye who reflect, that transient space employ,
And, while the power remains, indulge your joy.

We find the same complaint of the shortness and uncertainty of life very frequent among the epigrammatists. Such is the following of Palladas:

Oh transitory joys of life! ye mourn
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return!
We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,
Time ever runs (our persecuting guest)
A hateful race against our wretched state,
And bears th' unconquerable will of Fate.

The philosophers have ever made it a subject of complaint, that life is short for the perfection of any art or science. Now and then, among the myriads of ephemeral insects that swarm upon the surface of the earth for a few hours, and are then heard of no more, some glorious soul, some almost divine genius, arises, calculated to disperse the clouds of ignorance and folly, to pierce the mysterious veil of nature, and to make clear the incomprehensible ways of Heaven. He sets out on his undertaking: all minds are astonished at his powers; but death arrests him in the middle of his journey. No second genius survives to catch his falling mantle; his grand schemes, his mighty discoveries, remain unprosecuted; they sink, perhaps, into oblivion; or, if some traces of them yet exist, they exist only as the memorials of a great name, as the proud, humiliating, empty monuments of human power and of human weakness. Besides, even in life itself, how many obstacles are there to the accomplishment of schemes, however excellent, to the prosecution of studies, however worthy of the highest faculties of our nature! Sickness, want, domestic sorrows, public calamities, the necessary avocations of business, or the calls of friendship and humanity, some of these interrupt the most prosperous labours. Then comes envy to impede and poison them. "Whoever is good," says Sotades, "whoever is ingenious, just, fortunate, some portion of envy is his inevitable lot; some slander shall annoy, some calumny blast him."

But to return to the evils attending on life itself, unconnected with the views of death and futurity: the sense of satiety alone, of that wretched vacuum which our keenest enjoyments sometimes leave behind them, of the shortness of the time that pleasure fixes her residence in our souls before we are cloyed with the possession, and the want we feel of perpetual novelty to aid even that short delusion of happiness (without

taking into our account the many positive evils that embitter our existence), affords ample room for the indulgence of melancholy thoughts and gloomy images.

"In every thing," says the poet, "there is satiety: in sleep and in love, in sweet music, and in the delightful dance." And so Pindar, Nem. vii: "Even honey palls upon the senses, and the lovely flowers of Venus."

This idea of the preponderance of evil will be naturally found most frequent among the earlier and darker ages of society. Homer abounds with these uncomfortable reflections; and among the early poets (whose fragments have reached us) of our northern climates, the remark is still more evident. It casts a pensive melancholy over all their writings, which, even when war, or love, or the feast, is the immediate subject, equally pervades their fiercest and their most joyous lays.

——————The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl:
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

It has often struck me, that no passage throughout the Iliad exceeds, in wild and gloomy grandeur, that in which Achilles is represented as putting to death Lycaon, the son of Priam. It is one of those where the poet seems to have been carried beyond himself, and lays hold of our passions with an almost supernatural force, to awaken the strongest emotions of horror and compassion in our minds. The whole picture, from the first appearance of the unfortunate victim, is lively and expressive in the highest degree. We at length see him prostrate on the ground, embracing the knees of his conqueror, and imploring mercy by the strongest arguments, and the most ingeniously calculated to obtain his boon. His moving tale, the simple manner in which he relates it, and the artful, yet natural, words by which he endeavours to avert the rage of Achilles from him, by disclaiming, as far as possible, all alliance and affinity with Hector, his youth, his tears, his long sufferings, all plead most powerfully in his favour. Then we see the dark, majestic, terrible figure of the conqueror, bending with a gloomy frown over the prostrate wretch, his sword uplifted to strike, his hand twisted in his hair, while he suspends the blow, unshaken from the murderous purpose of his soul, to speak to him a few words of truly savage consolation. "Why dost thou mourn and howl? Patroclus perished, who was a far greater man than thou. Dost thou not see what I am, the beautiful and the mighty? I claim my descent from a great and noble father. A goddess was my mother. Yet over me also death impends, and all-powerful fate will one day fall on me, either in the morning, or in the evening, or in the middle of the day, when some other warrior shall tear my soul away, by the distant javelin or the winged arrow." The same idea afterwards recurs on the death of Hector, but beautifully varied according to the circumstances of the subject. The expiring hero, with his last breath, prophecies the approaching fate of his conqueror. A kind of religious awe appears for a moment to take possession of the soul of Achilles; he gazes pensively on the corpse, and only makes this short and hurried exclamation:

"Die thou the first. When Jove and Heav'n ordain,
I'll follow thee!"

The beautiful lamentations of Moschus, at the close of his idyll on the death of Bion, and the famous verses of Catullus, in his "*Vivamus mea Lesbia*," which seem to be imitated from it, are calculated to leave that sort of melancholy void sensation in the mind, which, to an animated and, according to our better philosophy, immortal soul, is the most painful of all possible feelings,

and which perhaps occasionally comes, like a dark shadow, across the thoughts of the most pious and religious man. But neither of the passages above-mentioned are equal in sublimity to the celebrated address to the sun in Ossian's works; and this is, perhaps, excelled by the sacred poet. "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will yet sprout, and the branches thereof will not cease. Though the root of it wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof be dead in the ground, yet by the scent of waters it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man is sick, and dieth, and man perisheth, and where is he? As the waters pass from the sea, and as the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man sleepeth and riseth not; for he shall not wake again, nor be raised from his sleep, till the heavens be no more."

As human life has more objects to engage its attention, as the progress of civilization introduces arts and commerce, and with them a thousand various amusements and occupations unknown to the ruder state of mankind, we have less room for this feeling of satiety, we are ashamed of indulging it, and we seldom complain of it as one of the common evils of life. Yet among many men it still prevails to a sufficient degree to make us doubt with reason of the intrinsic happiness of the most easy and apparently delightful situations in the world. I myself was acquainted with a gentleman of fortune and character, of a gay and lively disposition, not at all addicted to melancholy, who, in the midst of apparent enjoyment, far superior to the common lot of humanity, with youth, and health, and society, and friends in abundance, without the least diminution, as it appeared, of any of these blessings, suddenly put an end to his existence. After his death, a paper was found among his writings, which was dated some days previous to the execution of his fatal purpose, declaring, that he had seen the world in all its different forms, that he had made trial of all its enjoyments, but found none worth repeating; that the continual recurrence of the same amusements and the same occupations produced no longer any thing but disgust; and that he conceived he was right in putting an end to an existence which had not further for him any taste of happiness.

Why fear ye Death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain?
A second dart no prostrate victim knows;
Triumphant once, he never strikes again,
But varying oft, and num'rous are the train
Of grim diseases that on life intrude,
And on they pass, my friends, oppos'd in vain,
Recurring oft, in sad vicissitude.

Monsieur la Mothe le Vayer, who, from all the accounts we have of his life, may, in every point of view, be classed among the most happy and fortunate of men, his situation easy and honourable, his life strict and temperate, his reputation highly exalted among men of learning and virtue, seems to think with equal fastidiousness on the vanity and nothingness of life. "Life," says he, "appears to me so indifferent, to say no worse of it, that I would not only refuse to recommence its career if the choice were given me, but I would not exchange the three days of pain and sickness which my advanced age may yet look forward to, for all the long years of happiness and enjoyment, of which, in gay and sanguine youth, we flatter ourselves with the possession." Nor do I think it at all necessary to suppose, with Bayle, from whom I have taken this extract, that all he meant was, that he would not again tread over precisely the same steps. The tediousness of mere repetition is too obvious to every person; and I believe there are very few old men, who have no particular stings of remorse to disturb their minds during the latter days of their exist-

ence, who would not go to the full length of what La Mothe intimates, and refuse a change for any worldly situation or prospects.

Aleander, the good cardinal archbishop of Brindisi, whose life appears to have been far from a melancholy or unhappy one, notwithstanding it subjected him to the censures of the satirical Erasmus, made the following epitaph for himself:

"I die not unwillingly, since I shall so cease to be a witness of many things, the sight of which is more painful than death itself." M. Bayle observes, that one hour's uneasiness contains more evil than there is good in the space of six or seven days. He tells us the story of a man who had killed himself after three or four weeks uneasiness. He had laid, says he, his sword under his pillow every night, in hopes that he should have the courage to dispatch himself when darkness would have increased his sorrows; but his heart failed him several nights together; at length he was unable to bear his misery any longer, and cut the veins of his arm. From this story he asserts, that all the pleasures which this man had enjoyed for thirty years together, would not equal the evils which tormented him during the last month of his life. The proportion of good to evil contained in the noted distich of the poet Diphylus, is one to three.

The distribution of Archytas the Pythagorean is more equal. He says, "There are three ages in the life of man: one of happiness, another of misery, and a third compounded of the two."

In short, however terrible may be the imaginations of the ancients with respect to the grave and futurity, we are hardly surprised at finding even among them, repeated wishes that the toils and miseries of life were over. Death, gloomy and uncertain as it may appear in prospect, is to the mind which has been long and constantly brooding over the evils of the world, a refuge and a blessing. The answer of Secundus the Pythagorean to the question, "What is death?" is a proof that its supposed horrors were not sufficient to outweigh, among the ancient philosophers, the certain miseries to which it puts a termination. "It is," says he, "eternal sleep, the breaking up of the body, the desire of the afflicted, the departure of the spirit, the flight and abdication of life, the fear of the rich, the consolation of the poor, the loosening of the limbs, the father of sleep, the boundary and dissolution of all things."

I have already quoted one epigram which corresponds with these observations. Another, by an uncertain author, is equally to the purpose:

Who, but for death, could find repose
From life, and life's unnumber'd woes,
From ills that mock our art to cure,
As hard to fly as to endure?
Whate'er is sweet without alloy,
And sheds a more exalted joy,
Yon' glorious orb that gilds the day,
Or, placid moon, thy silver ray,
Earth, sea, whate'er we gaze upon,
Is thine, oh Nature! thine alone!
The gifts that to ourselves we owe
(Insidious race) are fear and woe,
Chance-pleasure, hardly worth possessing,
Ten curses to a single blessing.

Menander, in a passage of which we have presented a translation already, esteems him most happy who is cut off in the prime of youth, when neither evil could have afflicted, nor long enjoyment brought on satiety and disgust. So Lucillius prefers death to a life of fearful expectation, nearly in the same words that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Julius Cæsar.

I mourn not those who from the cheerful light
Sleep in the grave through death's eternal night,
But those whom death, for ever near, appalls,
Who see the blow suspended ere it falls.

And so, to quote one more epigram to our present purpose, alluding to a custom which appears to have obtained among some barbarous nations of antiquity, the poet Archias writes:

Thracians, who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth,
Well in your grief and gladness are expressed,
That life is labour and that death is rest.

For the Literary Magazine.

LIFE AND MOTION WITHOUT BRAIN.

THOUGH there be a variety of facts which seem to demonstrate that the brain is the exclusive seat of sensation, in man and the more perfect animals, yet it is still undetermined whether the *sensorium commune* resides in the whole of the brain, or in any particular portion of it. There are some very striking cases on record, which show that the brain may experience an almost total destruction of its parts, without either sensation or voluntary motion being impaired, provided that the injury is gradually produced.

A fœtus has been born, wanting a considerable part of the brain, and others in which the whole of the brain, and the spinal marrow, were defective; and others again, in which no trace of any nerve could be discovered. The most remarkable case is one related by Dr. Heysham of Carlisle, in which a female infant lived for six days, had the power of deglutition and the voluntary motion of the limbs, and, as far as could be judged, enjoyed the use of the external senses: yet the whole of the upper part of the bones of the cranium was wanting; and on examination after death, not the least appearance of *cerebrum*, *cerebellum*, or any medullary substance whatever, could be discovered.

It is certainly not easy to reconcile these singular deviations from the established order of nature, with the opinions generally adopted on the subject; and if we conceive that the nervous energy is essential to the irritability of the muscles, and consequently to the power of the heart and arteries, we are obliged to conclude that it may subsist independently of the brain, of the spinal marrow, or even of any nerves, sufficiently large to be visible to the eye.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VALUE OF KINE, WITH THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

IN point of utility and profit, no animal can stand in competition with the cow; a sentiment which has been universal from the primitive ages, and which, to this moment, has lost nothing of its force or truth. Her milk, so indispensable to civilized man, is her most precious product, and of which the value, in various forms, is so universally and feelingly understood. Of this real liquor of life, more valuable than the richest wines, the cow will give the amount of *many times her weight* in the course of a year, and every year that she continues in a constant state of reproduction, unto the end of life, when her last gift to man is food of the most substantial kind, and so many articles of various use, that no part of her carcase need be wasted or lost, the worth of these replaces, probably doubles, her original cost.

The flesh of the ox, whether for immediate use or preservation, has been too often celebrated to bear a new description. His tallow contributes to double the number of our days; his joints give us oil; his hide, leather of the strongest kind; his hair helps to cement the walls of our dwellings; of his horns are

made combs and toys; of his teeth, buttons; his bones are a cheap substitute for ivory, and their ashes serve to refine silver; his large, full eye is instrumental to the discoveries of the anatomist; his blood, gall, and recrements are of account in manufacture, medicine, and manuring the soil.

The period of gestation with the cow, having a bull calf, is, on an average, *two hundred and eighty-seven days*, or forty-one weeks: a cow calf comes in about a week less.

The cow, having twins of different sexes, the female is called a free-martin, and is said to be invariably incapable of procreation. This old notion seems to have little reason for its support, and a female twin may possibly breed, though its associate be a male; as we know that cow-calves, singly born, occasionally prove barren. The free-martin, or barren heifer, has a bullish appearance above the head, horns, and neck, with a small udder. The different notions respecting the qualities of the free-martin show very plainly the dependence which may be placed upon them; by some their beef is represented as of superior excellence, by others as coarse-grained, flabby, and very bad.

The age of neat cattle is determined by the teeth and horns. They, as well as sheep, are destitute of teeth in the upper jaw; but the mark of age, as in the horse, is to be found in their corner incisory teeth of the lower jaw. The first front teeth, or calves teeth, remarkable for their whiteness, are shed at two years old, and replaced by others not so white. Every succeeding year, two other calves teeth, next to the front, are also replaced, and at five years old the incisory, or cutting teeth, being all renewed, are of good length, whitish and even, and the beast is full mouthed. From this period, as the horse, the teeth are gradually filling up until six years, when the mark is complete.

The teeth afterwards become discoloured by age, and sometimes long and irregular. I know not what kind of calves, or of authority, certain of our writers intend, when they talk of calves shedding teeth at ten months old. At three years of age, the horns are shed and replaced by others which continue. In the fourth year of the bullock's age, a kind of button, or ring, appears near the head, as the bud or basis of the horn; in the course of the year this ring moves, being pushed forward by another which succeeds it, a process which goes on to the end of the animal's life, its years being determinable by the number of these rings upon the horns, reckoning three years for the first ring. It is common with dealers to obliterate these rings, by shaving the horns, in order to conceal the age of the beast.

The horns of cattle are general designations of distinction and variety, and are supposed to denote particular qualities. Thus, English bullocks are distinguished as long, half long, short, and middle-horned, wide and broad horned, polled or hornless. The grand distinctions, however, are the long and short horned, which seem generally implicated with peculiar properties of milk and hide. Thus the long horned cows produce a richer milk, of course a greater proportional quantity of butter and cheese, and a thicker hide, than the short horned, which last, however, afford larger quantities both of milk, beef, and tallow.

The flesh of the long horns is generally more compact and solid, and finer in the grain, than that of the short; whilst in the last particular, fineness of grain, they are both far excelled by several middle-horned varieties.

These distinctions are more apparent in the stock of Yorkshire and the midland counties of England, yet their peculiar properties certainly influence, in however small and imperceptible degrees, the whole stock of neat cattle in that country and Ireland: whether they prevail with the same effect, in the

cattle of other countries, is unknown. But this rule, like all others, has its exceptions, and in the present case the Norman and Alderney cows present a very strong one: with short horns, they afford a very rich milk, equal in that respect, to the best long horned cows, with a larger proportional quantity. Large or long horns generally indicate thickness of hide, of which the Lancashire and Shropshire cattle are eminent examples. The horns of the cow are usually more extensive than those of the bull, those of oxen still larger than either.

The colour of cattle is immaterial, unless we allow the common exception of white and light colours, on the score of tenderness. The old prognostics drawn from colour were truly nonsensical. Black cows are often the largest milkers, and there has been seen an ancient one of Holderness, milking herself gradually to the dogs at the rate of nine gallons in a day.

The most usual appellatives, at this day, are, ox, bull, and cow, bull and cow calves. A young castrated male, after the first year, is called a stot, stirk, or steer; at five years old an ox. A female, after the first year, is called a heifer or quey; at four years old, a cow. And afterwards, a castrated female is called a spayed-heifer or cow. Certain of the Welsh and Scots cattle, or rather a coarse and sturdy kind, are denominated runts. Bullock is the general term for any full grown cattle, male or female, fat or lean.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PLEASURES OF TRAGEDY.

THE feelings excited by representations of a tragic nature are painful, and yet mankind, in all ages and countries, have shown a propensity to them. This singular contradiction has been discussed by several ingenious philosophers and moralists, but no satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been obtained. Du Bos attributed it to the delight which we feel in having our passions exited to action; Fontenelle founds it on a metaphysical relation which pleasure and pain bear to each other; another theory derives it from the selfish system of morals, as it is called, according to which, our pleasure proceeds from the reflection that we are ourselves exempt from the distress which we are witnessing; and Hume refers the greatest part of the pleasure to the eloquence with which the melancholy scene is represented.

This gratification is perhaps chiefly derived from the sentiments of compassion, or sympathy, that are called forth; a principle which is naturally delightful, and sufficient to induce even the most interested being to partake in the distresses of others. In tragical representations, these feelings are excited in a high degree, and are at the same time unmixed with those circumstances which, in real life, so frequently produce a degree of disgust, that counteracts the pleasure derived from sympathetic emotions.

For the Literary Magazine.

HINT CONCERNING DAIRIES; FROM THE CHESHIRE PRACTICE.

HOURS of milking in the summer, at six, morning and evening, the morning hour surely too late; one woman manages ten cows. The farmer himself attends the milking, assists in carrying the milk, and observes particularly, that the cows are well dripped, or the udder perfectly cleared of milk, for should any be left, it would not only be the richest of the milk, "each succeeding drop, which a cow gives at a meal, excelling the preceding one in richness," but such negligence has the effect of causing a cow to become gradually dry.

For the milk house, a northern aspect is preferred, and it is desirable that it be so sheltered by buildings or trees, as to divert the sun's rays throughout the whole day. A uniform temperature of the air within, ought to be preserved, the year round. In winter a Buzaglio stove would best effect this. In summer, the end will be attained by pouring spring water on the floor; and water should ever be at hand in a dairy. The expeditious cooling of the milk, in summer, has considerable effect in retarding its acidity.

Quantity of cheese made from one cow, in the season, of twenty-two weeks from April or May, about three hundred to five hundred pounds and upwards. The former quantity accounted a good average for a dairy, accidents included. One gallon of milk makes one pound of cheese, and the dairy men are better satisfied with a cow which gives only eight quarts per day, through the season, than with that which has a greater flow; in which case it is proved, the milk is generally thinner and less productive of goods, and the cow liable to go earlier dry. The object of the dairies, in the choice of cows, is to obtain such as will produce the largest quantity of *goods*, that is, cheese or butter, and of beef.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOME RECENT ENGLISH PLAYS CHARACTERIZED.

SOME of the incidents in the *School of Reform, or how to Rule a Husband*, by Mr. Morton, exceed the bounds of probability, and some features in the portraits are rather too highly coloured: but, generally speaking, the characters are well drawn, the dialogue is animated, the morality is commendable, and the interest of the reader is throughout kept alive.

It does not appear that *The Honest Soldier* was ever acted, and its length would be an objection to its being performed. In other respects, also, it does not excite our high commendation. The *Honest Soldier* is so far honest, that his feelings and his purposes are praise-worthy, but the means which he adopts are deception and fraud. The characters and the incidents afford no novelty, and possess no particular attraction, while they sometimes displease by their deviation from nature.

Mr. Coleman, in the comedy of *Who Wants a Guinea*, has drawn a lively portrait of a generous individual, who flies to the succour of every fellow-creature that *wants a guinea*, but whose indiscriminate profusion would probably soon leave him without one in his own pocket. The other personages are strongly marked; some wit and more broad humour enliven the scene; and we should suppose that the whole pleases much on representation.

All must be diverted by the whim and farcicality displayed in *The Will for the Deed* by Dibdin, as well as pleased with many of its sentiments. It is written *more Dibdiniano;* and not only the piece, and the title of the piece, but the *dedication*, is a *play upon words:* yet it is hoped that Mr. D. does not always *make a joke* of his friends. The *business* of this comedy is not new; except in the characters of the theatrical manager, whose speeches are made up of the titles of plays, and the sign-painting landlord, whose discourse is interlarded with heraldic mottoes: both caricatured, undoubtedly, but both provoking risibility. The man who excites laughter and good-humour is a benefactor to the state: scarce as things are, these commodities are among the scarcest. Mr. Coleman, therefore, and Mr. Dibdin deserve public thanks.

Mr. Dibdin has likewise produced an opera, which he calls *The English Fleet in* 1342.

In order to compose an opera that should address itself to the patriotic feelings of his countrymen, at the present moment, Mr. D. has here-

gone deep into historical records; but his selection is not particularly appropriate. He has endued it, however, with sundry pretty speeches *(ad captandum)*, some drollery, many *jeux de mots*, some pleasing songs, and a drunken sailor, as full of gallantry as of liquor.

A third opera by Dibdin, called *The Cabinet*, contains the usual operatic assemblage of cruel parents, fond lovers, pert chambermaids, and adroit valets, enlivened, as is also usual with Mr. Dibdin, with point, pun, and poetry.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

THE idea of beauty is acquired by observing in what points the varieties of the human form agree, and in what they differ; where they agree, it may be fairly presumed that they are perfect; while the points on which they differ must be regarded as deviations from the complete form, and consequently as defects. The standard of beauty is therefore insensibly created in the mind by taking, as it were, a mean of all the forms which come under our inspection; and this standard will be more or less perfect, according to the opportunities which different individuals possess for making observations, and their faculty of comparing them together and deducing the just medium.

The climate and manners of Greece are acknowledged to have been peculiarly adapted to the perfection of the human form; while the great estimation, in which the fine arts were held, excited a high degree of attention to their culture. Hence it may be reasonably concluded, not only that the Grecian artists have never been equalled, but that no state of society is likely to recur which will prove so favourable to the perfection of sculpture.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON FAMINES IN INDIA, AND THE BENEFITS OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT THERE.

WHAT the causes are, which, in all ages, seem to have rendered famine so frequent and so peculiarly severe in India, is a question of great curiosity, and, indeed, of great practical importance. The same unfortunate state of things existed in Europe four or five centuries ago. The same unfavourable seasons which now only produce scarcity, then almost uniformly produced famine. Various causes have doubtless contributed to the great and happy change which has since taken place, all of them connected with the progress of European nations in the arts, institutions, and manners of civilized life: but the principal cause is, commerce; for only one of two expedients against death can be imagined; *either we must consume less food, or we must procure more;* and, in general, both must be combined; we must have recourse both to retrenchment and to importation. Both these purposes are effected by commerce. The home trade in grain reduces consumption, and this it does by that very operation of enhancing its price, which excites so much clamour among the vulgar of all ranks; and the foreign trade in grain makes the abundance of one country supply the wants of another. Thus famine is banished from what may properly be called the commercial world. So powerful and so beneficial are the energies of that great civilizing principle of commerce, which, counteracted as it every where is by the stupid prejudices of the people, and by the absurd and mischievous interference of governments, has yet accomplished so great a revolution in the condition of so large a part of mankind, as totally to exempt them from the dread of the greatest calamity which afflicted their ancestors. Whether commerce could effect so

great a change in India, is doubtful. Perhaps there are physical difficulties which are insuperable, and others arising from the condition and habits of the people, which would be extremely difficult to overcome. These certainly are circumstances which must diminish and retard such a beneficial change.

From a partial failure of the periodical rains in 1802, and from a more complete failure in 1803, a famine has arisen in some of the provinces of India, especially in the territories of the Peishwa, which no man can truly represent to the European public, without the hazard of being charged with extravagant and incredible fiction. It is difficult to overcharge a picture of Indian desolation.

From the 1st September, 1803, to October, 1804, there was imported or purchased by the Bombay government, 414,000 bags of rice, and there remained 180,000 bags contracted for, forming nearly 600,000 bags, and amounting to the value of six hundred thousand pounds sterling. During the same time there was imported by private merchants 408,000 bags of rice, making in all 1,000,000 of bags, and amounting in value to one million pounds sterling.

The population of the islands of Bombay, Salsette, and Caranja, and of the city of Surat, exceeds 400,000. If they had continued subject to native governments, they would have shared the fate of the neighbouring princes which still are so subject. In such a case an eighth of that population must have perished. Fifty thousand human beings have, therefore, been saved from death in its most miserable form by the British government in Bombay, which may claim credit for that which was imported by private merchants as well as what was directly imported by the government, because, without the protection and security enjoyed under a British government, that commercial capital and credit would not have existed, by which the private importation was effected.

From March to October, 1804, such of them as could labour, were employed in useful public works, and were fed by government. The monthly average of these was nine thousand one hundred and twenty-five in Bombay, three thousand one hundred and sixty-two in Salsette, and in Surat a considerable number.

But many of these miserable beings were on their arrival wholly unable to earn their subsistence by any, even the most moderate labour. They expired in the road before they could be discovered by the agents of charity. They expired while conveying to the place of relief. To obviate, or, at least, to mitigate these dreadful evils, a *humane hospital* was established by government for the relief of those emigrants who were unable to labour. The monthly average of those who have been received between March and October into this hospital, was one thousand and thirty in Bombay, about one hundred in Salsette, and probably three hundred at Surat.

The average monthly mortality of the establishment was dreadful; it amounted to four hundred and eighty. At first this would seem to argue some monstrous defects in the plan or management of the institution. And if there were great defects in so new an establishment, hastily provided against so unexampled an evil, those who are accustomed to make due allowance for human frailty, would find more to lament than to blame. But when it is considered that *almost all these deaths occurred in the first four or five days after admission*, and that scarcely any disease had been observed among the patients but the direct effects of famine, this mortality will prove the deplorable state of the patients, rather than any defects in the hospital; and instead of making the hospital answerable for the deaths, we shall deem it entitled to credit for the life of every single survivor.

Upon the whole, the British government in Bombay has saved the lives of one hundred thousand per-

sons, and, what is more important, has prevented the greater part of the misery through which they must have passed before they found refuge in death, besides the misery of all those who loved them, or who depended on their care.

The existence, therefore, of a British government in Bombay, in 1804, has been indeed a blessing to its subjects.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LATEST LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE FROM EUROPE.

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of the Life of Chaucer, has undertaken to compile a History of England, from the earliest records of events in that island to the revolution in 1688, to be written on a scale not smaller than that of the History of England, during the same period, by Hume.

The month of May, 1805, has been rendered remarkable by the commencement of no less than three grand institutions in the British metropolis: two applicable to the purposes of general knowledge, and one devoted solely to the fine arts.

The first, to be called the London Institution, comprises three distinct objects:—1. A library, to contain every work of intrinsic value 2. Reading-rooms for the daily papers, periodical publications, interesting pamphlets, and foreign journals. 3. A lecture-room, with apparatus and conveniences for various courses of lectures and experiments. The subscriptions are very liberal, and already amount to above sixty thousand pounds. It has been agreed to apply to his majesty for a charter, and a committee of twenty-one persons has been appointed to prepare and digest a plan of the establishment.

The second, called the General Institution, and intended to have its meeting in the centre of the town, between the Royal Institution in the west, and the London Institution in the east, is intended to comprize a library of general reference, and a reading-room for the foreign and domestic journals, newspapers, &c., &c.

The third, for which also a very large sum has been subscribed, is intended solely to promote the study of the fine arts, and for this purpose a gallery is to be built, and pictures bought for its decoration.

The adoption of these spirited plans is highly honourable to the metropolis, and we have no doubt but they will be carried into execution with a degree of spirit worthy of the national character, and the enlightened period which has given them birth. Foreigners should view these institutions, not as the glittering appendages of despotism, calculated to hide political deformity, but as the voluntary acts of a people, who value science for its own sake, and who contribute to its promotion not from motives of ostentation, but for their own personal satisfaction and improvement.

Kotzebue has favoured the world with an Account of his Travels in Italy, during the latter part of the last year, and the beginning of the present. The work has had a prodigious run in Germany, as indeed have all the works of this popular writer. A translation will appear in London early in July, the success of which, judging from the interesting character and situation of Italy, will, it may be supposed, not be inferior to the translations of the late Travels of the same author in Siberia and France.

Dr. Wilson, minister of Falkirk, will shortly publish a new History of Egypt.

Miss Ann Plumptree has in the press a Narrative of Three Years' Residence in France, in which she will introduce a variety of anecdotes respecting the French revolution.

An English gentleman, who escaped from France in the month of May, intends to give to the world a Faithful Account of the Present

State of that Country and of the French People, under the despotism of Bonaparte. This work is to contain authentic particulars and anecdotes of the government, the military, the police, the laws, the public amusements of Paris, the manners, dress, and domestic society, the late coronation, the pope and religion, the legion of honour, trade and manufactures, the war with England, the English in France, the Bourbons, the prices of the necessaries of life, &c., &c.

Mr. Allnut of Henley-on-Thames has invented a mode of printing plans of estates with moveable types.

An abridgment of Mr. Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X is announced at Liverpool.

Mr. Buck, author of the Theological Dictionary, has in the press a Treatise on Religious Experience, in which its nature, evidences, and advantages are considered.

David Booth, of Newburgh, in the county of Fife, proposes an Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, in two octavo volumes. All the compound words, in which class he includes almost every word of more than one syllable, are to be arranged under the respective roots from which they are derived. The original idea annexed to each root is to be investigated, and an account given of its secondary powers, as acquired from custom and from metaphor. The various inseparable propositions and terminations of the language are considered as distinct words, and explained in an introduction.

It is intended shortly to publish, by subscription, Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham, member of the council of state for the commonwealth, one of the judges of Charles I; with original anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and a summary review of public affairs. Written by his widow, Lucy, daughter of sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the tower, &c. To be printed from the original MS., in possession of a branch of colonel Hutchinson's family, and embellished with engravings of portraits, &c.

Mr. John Britton announces the first part of a new work, entitled the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, displayed in a series of select engravings, representing the most beautiful, curious, and interesting ancient edifices of that country, with a historical and descriptive account of each subject. Each part will contain six, seven, or eight engravings, with letter-press descriptions of each subject. Four of the plates will be engraved in the best style, from highly-finished drawings, and the others will be principally illustrative details of the former, and executed in a style to correspond with the respective subjects.

The Rev. Samuel Burder proposes to publish, in two volumes, Oriental Customs, or an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, by an explanatory application of the customs and manners of the eastern nations. A very large edition of the first volume of this work was published about three years ago; the second is entirely new.

A splendid work, entitled, A Graphic and Descriptive Tour of the University of Oxford, is in considerable forwardness. It will comprehend general picturesque views, correct representations of all the principal public buildings, with their history and present state, and the academic costume. The work will be printed in imperial folio, in numbers.

Major Rainsford has in the press a work, with plates, relative to the island of St. Domingo.

Mr. Leslie, author of a work on heat, is appointed professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, in the room of professor Playfair, lately appointed to the natural philosophy class.

The editors of Dr. Doddridge's Works, the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Rotherham, and the Rev. Edward Parsons, of Leeds, have announced their intention of publishing periodically, by subscription, a uniform edition of the whole Works of the late

President Edwards, of New England, executed in the same elegant style as their edition of Doddridge.

Sir William Forbes will speedily publish an account of the Life of Dr. Beattie.

The Messrs. Lysons announce for early publication the first volume of their grand work, A New General Survey of Great Britain. This volume will contain Bedfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire, and will be illustrated with maps, plans, and views of architecture; and a series of picturesque engravings, by Mr. Byrne, will appear at the same time, which may be purchased separately.

Mr. Cooke, well known as the friend of the late Samuel Foote, of facetious memory, has written a Life of that celebrated character; to which he has annexed anecdotes of many of Foote's contemporaries, and a collection of his best *bon-mots*, chiefly original.

The police of Paris has prohibited the last new novel of Lebrun, entitled Jerome.

It is reported that the works of M. Von Muller, counsellor at Berlin, have been prohibited in the Austrian states.

From some observations of M. Burckhardt, it should seem that the period of the planet Juno, discovered by M. Harding, is about 5¼ years. Its inclination is 21°, eccentricity one fourth of its radius; mean distance from the sun, three times greater than that of the earth.

According to the experiments of Spallanzani, snails absorb oxygen, not only by other organs than the lungs, but also through their shells; and this absorption is said to continue some time after their death. Even when the shell is freed from the animal it contained, it seems to continue to absorb oxygen.

M. Regnier has invented a meridian, which may be placed in the window of an apartment. It consists of a quadrant furnished with a lens, and a plate of brass in the plane of the meridian, with a black horse hair, which, when it breaks, lets go the catch of a hammer that strikes on a bell. When the faintest ray of the sun appears, the hair crisps and breaks; a ray less brilliant than that which makes the shadow on the sun dial appear distinctly is sufficient for this purpose, and the mechanism is strong enough to strike noon on a large bell.

The mean distance of the small planet, discovered by M. Harding, is said to be about three hundred millions of miles, which is somewhat more than the distance of those discovered by Piazzi and Olbers. The diameter of this newly-discovered planet has not yet been measured, but it appears like a star of the eighth magnitude.

The emperor of Russia has granted ample emancipation to the Jews in his dominions. A ukase, lately published, grants them the privilege of educating their children in any of the schools and universities of the empire; or they may establish schools at their own expence.

The Society of the Friends of the Sciences at Warsaw has charged two of its members to undertake a mineralogical tour to the Carpathian mountains. Another member of the same society has already explored the eastern part of these mountains, and is now engaged in a like tour through the mountains of interior Austria, from which he will proceed to Upper Italy and the Swiss Alps. On his return, he will go on a similar tour to the Caucasian mountains.

Dr. Goldfuss, of Erlangen, will set out, in the course of the present spring, on his travels in Africa, the expences of which will be defrayed by the king of Prussia. He intends remaining a year at the Cape, and in the two following years he means to penetrate as far as possible into the country, both on the eastern and western coasts.

An embassy is about to be sent by the Russian government to China. Among those who are to accompany count Golofkin in this mission are Schubert the astronomer, general Suchtelen as historiographer, and Ruttoffsky as botanist and landscape

painter. Great advantages, both in a commercial and scientific point of view, are expected from this embassy.

Last year, some workmen began to clear away the rubbish around the ancient temple of Pæstum. In the course of the present year, the diggings will be completed, and a description of all the remains of antiquity which have been discovered will be published. The antique vase of Parian marble, the raised work of which represents Bacchus, in his infantile state, delivered by Mercury to a nymph to be educated, the work of Salphion, the Athenian, which formerly served as a baptismal font in the cathedral of Gaetta, has been conveyed to the king's museum at Naples.

M. Petrini, who set on foot some researches, at his own expence, in the neighbourhood of Ostia, has found a sitting figure of the Tiber, which the papal government has purchased of him for 7000 sequins.

The collection of plants and library of the late professor Wahl, of Copenhagen, will, in consequence of a resolution of his Danish majesty, be given to the botanical garden.

M. Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, is employed in the following works. 1. A Physical Description of the Equinoctial Regions. 2. A Flora of the same. 3. The Astronomical Observations and Measurements made during his Travels between the Tropics. And 4. in conjunction with Gay-Lusac, some Treatises on Eudiometry and the Atmosphere. He intends to make a tour in Italy, and another to the most northern point of Norway.

M. Biot has succeeded in forming water from hydrogen and oxygen, by compression only, independently of the electric spark. The compression, by bringing the particles of gas into intimate union, makes them throw out a quantity of heat sufficient to set them on fire. Great caution is necessary in making the experiment.

Humboldt assures us, that several volcanoes in the Andes throw up, from time to time, a muddy substance, mixed with large quantities of fresh water, and with it a large number of fish, which do not appear to be injured, nor to have been exposed to a great heat. They are sometimes ejected from the crater of the volcano, and sometimes from lateral apertures, but they always come from the height of from twelve to thirteen hundred toises above the level plains. Humboldt is of opinion that these fish are bred in lakes in the interior of the crater.

M. Lalande observed, in March last, a large spot, with two nuclei, in the sun, nine degrees to the north of the solar equator. From his observations, he concludes that there are in the sun points where large spots are formed, rather than in others. "These spots," says the astronomer, "with their nuclei, which have appeared at different periods, seem to me to destroy the system of volcanoes proposed by Dr. Herschel: there cannot be two volcanoes so near subsisting without mixture, and always separated by a line of light."

It should seem, from the following account of some experiments made by the Academy del Cimento, that the idea of the *reflection of cold* was conceived almost a century and a half ago. "We were willing," say the reporters, "to try if a concave glass, set before 500lb. of ice, made any sensible repercussion of cold upon a very nice thermometer, placed in its focus. The truth is, it immediately began to subside; but, by reason of the nearness of the ice, it was doubtful whether the direct or reflected rays of cold were more efficacious. We covered the glass, and the spirit of wine began to rise: but we dare not be positive that there might not be some other cause besides the want of reflection from the glass, since we did not make all the trials necessary to clear the experiment."

At the commencement of the French revolution, when the literary treasures of the monasteries and the public archives were wantonly scat-

tered about by the republican Vandals, Mr. Dubrossky, secretary to the Russian embassy at Paris, collected, and thus saved from destruction, a great number of rare and valuable MSS. This collection has now been purchased by the emperor Alexander, and forms part of the imperial library at Petersburg.

The most satisfactory accounts have been received concerning the Russian expedition for circumnavigating the globe. They are dated August 8, 1804, from Kamtschatka. where the voyagers arrived, without any accident of importance, on the 14th of the preceding month, about five weeks after quitting the coast of Brazil. They touched, on their passage, at the Marquesa islands, on one of which M. Krusenstern found a Frenchman and an Englishman, whom he intends to bring with him to Europe. The latter had completely forgotten his native language, and the Frenchman, who had not spoken his for seven years, with some difficulty gave the Russians to understand, that he had been wrecked, in an American ship, near the coast of the island. Both of them, having learned the language of the islanders, and adopted their manners, will, doubtless, furnish many curious particulars relative to those islands, which are but little known. M. Krusenstern was preparing to sail for Japan, to convey thither M. de Rasannoff, who is to reside there in quality of ambassador extraordinary of the emperor of Russia.

According to Mr. Brænde's view of the theory of respiration, the blood is propelled, by the contraction of the heart, into the pulmonary artery, which, by its numerous ramifications, conveys the blood into the small branches of the air cells of the lungs, which are of so fine a texture as to admit the absorption of a portion of air. The blood, having undergone this alteration, is returned into the heart by the pulmonary veins, from whence it is circulated over the whole body. During the circulation, the air which has been absorbed undergoes a gradual decomposition; carbonic acid and water are formed, which, together with a portion of azote, are returned by the veins, and thrown out as the blood passes through the lungs. A fresh portion of air is at the same time absorbed, and the above changes repeated.

The following is said to be a good method of preserving hops for the purpose of brewing. Distil a quantity of hops with water; separate the essential oil from the distilled water, press the hops, boil them again, and evaporate to the consistence of extract, adding to them the distilled water. When they are to be used, pound the essential oil with a small quantity of sugar, and dissolve it together with the extract in the wort.

Mr. Crabb, in Bremen, is engaged in a new critical grammatical Dictionary of the German and English languages, the object of which is to define and elucidate, by example, the various acceptations of all words in the two languages, as a more accurate guide for the choice of proper expressions in translating.

The progress that has already been made in the establishment of seminaries for education throughout Russia, in the few years of the present emperor's reign, may be judged of by the last report to the minister of public instruction. From this it appears that the schools amount to four hundred and ninety-four, the teachers in these to one thousand four hundred and twenty-five, and the pupils to thirty-three thousand four hundred and eighty-four. The maintenance of these seminaries costs annually about 1,727,732 rubles, or 215,966l. sterling. These seminaries are exclusive of various civil and military academies, as well as of all seminaries for the education of females. A variety of institutions of a similar sort are at present establishing in the various provinces.

The sums disbursed in the year 1804, from the royal treasury of Russia, for the support of places of public instruction, amounted to 268,650l., besides 8,363l. sterling,

given by government to establish a university at Charkow. Private individuals emulate the government in their benefactions for the promomotion of public instruction. Counsellor Sudienkow has given 40,000 rubles for the erection of schools in Little Russia. The nobility of Podolia have contributed 65,000 rubles to found a military school in that province. A number of similar donations, for the same purpose, have been made in various parts of the empire.

The government of Bavaria is making great exertions to accelerate the improvement of that electorate, and is expending large sums in various ways for this purpose. Foreigners, eminent for their skill, either in the useful or ornamental arts, are invited by rewards to reside in that country. A new academy of sciences has been founded at Munich, under the direction of count Rumford, who has been named its president. To this, Sommering and other men of learning have been already appointed, with handsome salaries. A large observatory has been built, and furnished with whatever may be accounted necessary to render it complete.

The architect Schaffer, of Dresden, who lately distinguished himself by the erection of a handsome monument to Luther, has been appointed professor of architecture at Dusseldorf.

M. Bauer, a mechanic, who has distinguished himself by the invention of an excellent malt and flour mill, has received from the elector of Bavaria a handsome donation, accompanied by an order to make another mill of the same construction at the elector's expence, to be erected at Weihenstephen, in his dominions.

The Teylerian Society has decreed the gold medal to Jacob Haafner, of Amsterdam, for his prize-essay on the following subject: "What has been the influence of missions in diffusing christianity, during the two last centuries, and what may be expected from the missionary societies now existing."

Mr. Jefferson has set on foot a journey, the object of which is to explore the river Missouri, as far as its source; then to visit the nearest river situated to the west, and to descend thence to the Pacific Ocean; to examine the natural history of the regions through which the travellers pass, and to ascertain an exact geography of that interesting channel of communication across the continent. The present expedition is undertaken by twelve persons, who will probably return towards the end of the present year. The president hopes to be able in the course of the next summer to send other travellers towards the principal branches of the Mississippi and the Missouri, the Red River to Arcansa, Padoruas, and the river Mississippi itself. The objects of these expeditions will be the same as those of the present, and will require about two years to accomplish them in. Several of these rivers extend to one thousand, or one thousand two hundred miles inland, reckoning from their sources, and into regions never visited by white men.

M. Proust, professor of chemistry at Madrid, on transmitting to M. Lasterie, a memoir relative to the experiments which he has been making on the fruit of the carob tree, informs him that he has found, in Spain, the earth of which floating bricks are made. He intends to publish the result of his experiments.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

A VISIT TO A WIZARD'S TOMB.

From the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!
Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little recked he of the scene so fair.
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate:
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And strait the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their soul's repose.
Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and foot unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod;
The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,
To hail the monk of St. Mary's aisle.
"The ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.
And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide;
"And, darest thou, warrior! seek to see,
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn:
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear:
Then, daring warrior, follow me!"
"Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a border foray:
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be-gone."
Again on the knight looked the church-man old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since bye,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high;
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.
Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north,
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.
By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells* were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With plinth and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.
Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne,
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!
The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would's't have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.
They sate them down on a marble stone
(A Scottish monarch slept below);
Thus spoke the monk, in solemn tone:
"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the cross of God;
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.
In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, warrior, I could say to thee,
The words that clove Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.
When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.
I swore to bury his mighty book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright;
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
Where the floor of the chancel was stained red,

* Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut into a fantastic face, or mask.

That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.
It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past;
The banners waved without a blast:"
—Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one!—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.
" Lo, warrior! now the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wonderous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
A bar from thence the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.
With beating heart, to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously;
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl, and visage pale;
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.
Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day;
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his book of might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook;
And all unruffled was his face,
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.
Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse or awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved, he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently, and loud;
With eyes averted, prayed he,
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.
And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said,
" Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou mayest not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the mighty book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.
When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the knight and priest withdrew,
With wavering steps, and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to say?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well!
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,
My mother.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN EPISTLE.

HAVE shades and purling riv'lets ceas'd to charm?
Methinks I hear my gentle friend inquire.
No, Ellen, no! they even grief disarm,
Or none, at least, can here new strength acquire.

O'er flow'ry landscapes I unwearied rove,
And breathe the fragrance of the woodland scene,
Am more than charmed with the neighbouring grove,
Enrob'd anew in nature's varied green.

Gay Flora reigns here empress of the earth,
Bestrewing hills and dales with tribes of flowers,
While apple blossoms speak a kindred birth,
Ambrosial as the far-fam'd eastern bowers.

From the parterre a thousand sweets arise,
That float around on zephyr's downy wing;
The lovely natives, warm'd by genial skies,
Expand their bosoms to the breath of spring.

No shrub around but a rich chaplet wears,
And makes obeisance to the passing gale;
While through the grass the later violet rears
Its humble head, and decorates the vale.

O did the dear, the pious Hervey live,
And roving here, how would his heart expand!

Each full blown flow'ret would a transport give,
Each drooping sister live beneath his hand.

Yet Hervey, polish'd Hervey, gentle, good,
Is oftimes our belov'd companion here,
And wanders with us through the beechen wood,
Though far remov'd beyond this earthly sphere.

Sophia reads with beauty all her own,
And makes his periods seem more flow'ry still:
Her books are friends, with whom she's ne'er alone,
And friends, too, chosen with superior skill.

'Tis, Ellen, thus we morn and evening stray,
Our hearts in union, o'er the wood and plain;
The thrush, meanwhile, perch'd on the leafy spray,
Chaunts forth his sweetly simple silver strain.

Oft would those scenes draw forth the heart-felt sigh,
By bringing scenes to view so long since past,
Did I not know a tear would dim the eye
Of her who, like my shadow, clings as fast.

For change, we sometimes stroll beside the stream,
By cedars screen'd from summer's scorching skies,
And sigh, while from its bank clear oozings team,
For the transcendant art to crystallize;

But homewards bend our way, as waxing night
Its darkling mantle spreads o'er all around;
Yet loiter on if Cynthia yields her light,
Till dew-sprent flow'rets kiss the mother ground.

But when, as oft, I've been so void of thought,
The ensuing morn, complain of aching head,
Quite indispos'd, the ramble's dearly bought,
And breakfast waits, while I am still in bed.

Sophia comes, the dear, the feeling maid,
And like a sylph around on tiptoe steals;
Adown her cheek a glist'ning tear has stray'd,
Her voice is comfort, and her presence heals.

The virtues, Ellen, here delight to dwell.
No one is tow'ring seen above the rest,
For all united doth in all excel,
The daughter's graces, though in homespun dress'd.

Nor does their parent hold it impolite
To usher in the morn with praise and prayer;
Nor bid adieu, nor part we for the night,
Ere he resigns us to our Maker's care.

Though plenty has filled his coffer to the brim,
Pride finds no shelter near his friendly door;
He seeks the sick, and binds the bruised limb,
And spreads a table for the neigh-b'ring poor.

Nor passes he the humbler circle by,
To sit with those where idle fashion reigns:
"I may be useful here," is his reply,
"Enlighten minds, or help to soften pains."

Should any err, he hastens to reclaim,
With all the warmth a tender parent knows,
Ere rumour tinges the wan cheek with shame,
And o'er the erring deed a mantle throws.

And now you think, no doubt, my heart's at ease;
Alas! why is it like the needle true?
Though all around united seek to please,
I sigh, I weep, and dream of home and you.

ELIZA.

Montgomery county, Maryland,
May, 1799.